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MAY 1961

FIFTY CENTS 

HI-LIFE



ARTICLES

HUMOR

FICTION

FOR MEN ONLY

FOR MEN ONLY

FOR MEN ONLY

AND—**FOR MEN ONLY**—Gals!



A large, dramatic photograph of a woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera with a seductive expression. Her skin is fair, and she is wearing a dark, low-cut top. A red and white beaded necklace is visible around her neck. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

EXPERT ADVICE!
**“TREAT A LADY
LIKE A....”**



Just turn to page 41 to see more of Miss Terry Higgins . . .
You'll be surprised, that's a promise!

HI-LIFE

ARTICLES: for men only; HUMOR: for men only; FICTION: for men only; GLAMOR: for men only!



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to a Jezebel...
can come a Judas!

MEN'S SHOCKER
Ray Clark Dickson



Her lips, rouged and waiting, up and at full pout in their challenge, protruded at him. I ought to kick her behind, he thought, but I'm too weak. The sheetless pad felt hard under his propped elbows.

He hadn't gained weight during their marital ordeal. Goodness knows he might have settled at least for something as puny as psychological obesity—but he hadn't gained a pound. His gorging was of another nature. He kept going back to her slim ankles and the long peach-down, furry legs ending in the big, big buttocks. He liked the way she dribbled them over the pavements. He was always hungry for their bounce.

Now here she was, her sea-misted eyes a fathomless green, appraising him from the end of his hospital bed. Hard and enameled as my bedpan, he thought. He wished she could learn to turn down the candle power.

"I'm going down to Luigi's and drink to you, Jack," she said in her low voice. "I'm going to drink our favorite julep to your recovery."

She laughed. Once he had told her of a small miracle he had seen. A flower's bud uncurling in the morning's sun. The hot flower smell, deathly sweet. She had laughed then, as now. Laughed.

Why was she here? There must be a reason. She must be after his six secret keys. Keys to safety deposit boxes scattered all over town. He had waited over a month for her to come crawling back. To beg for them.

"It's no use pretending, Jack. I know you have them."

"You know about the boxes?"

"Your lawyer was most co-operative."

So she got to Baylord, too. He watched her lips narrow out their voluptuousness as she spoke scathingly of him.

"It fits your standards so well. So typical. Holding out funds we desperately need at a time like this."

"You need, Delmonica."

"All right," she flared. "I need."

"If you want to save dough, shut down the town house." When he said this, he shuddered involuntarily at the thought of the house. The house and its memories.

Delmonica would curse him in their most intimate moments. Remember? Deride. Berate. Scold. Compare. "Oh, little man," she'd say, spitting grape seeds on the ankle-thick carpet, "my impecunious little man!"

Why didn't he have the guts to get out? The suitcase scene. There's something sad about a guy imposing his desperation on all around him. Something sick. It was too late now.

His mouth creased into an unaccustomed smile. He savored his thoughts of her, polishing them over in his mind. *Jezebel* was all he could say aloud. He had the words for her. Those he didn't know he invented.

He had tried to talk to her. Share things. Anything to save their marriage. But she did all the talking, with her deadly cynicism. Finally, all he could see was her Phi Beta Kappa key lost in the cleavage of her fine, big

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MEN'S FICTION Richard L. Mahan

**The less you bet,
the more you lose—
when you win!**

"... PAY THE FRONT LINE!"

FIVE feet seven, wheat blonde hair—her gown hugging the kind of luscious figure that makes a sculptor's fingers itch to dig into clay, and makes other men just plain drool. She was a work of art, this blonde, with large, warm, brown eyes, delicately chiseled features and a full red mouth. And Casey couldn't keep his eyes off her, even though he knew she wasn't for him.

He could hear the monotone chanting of the stickman with his calling out the numbers as they came up and then "Same shooter coming out. Place your bets . . ." going on and on with the clatter of the wheels behind him and the precise quick spinning of the slots. Casey placed his bets in a weary, almost mechanical way, sticking mostly with pass bets and hard sixes and hard eights. At times he'd play the other numbers when he had a hunch, but not often.

When he'd started, about six hours ago, he'd only had fifty but he had run it up to nearly two grand. If his luck kept running like this, he would stay at the sugar sweet layout for a hundred years. But soon as it started to turn, going down a straight two hundred, he would pack his bag and for once in his life be the smart lad who leaves town with a smile on his face and the loot in his jeans.

The little bald-headed man with rolled up sleeves and a brown vest on had the dice now. Casey put down ten on the hard six and a twenty pass-bet. The bald man looked like one of

those poor suckers who taps the kid's piggy bank to make it big and then goes home with nothing but holes in his pockets. Casey had a feeling the shooter would seven out fast, but you don't tell your luck which way to go, and he kept on playing as he had been.

His eyes strayed to the blonde, almost directly across the table from him. If the show in the night club end of the casino had not been on, he would have figured her to be one of the show girls, until he took a slightly longer look and saw how wrong his first impression had been.

This doll had the kind of class that comes with a family Cadillac, and not the kind you have to sweat for after working hours. Only in Vegas you never can tell. Family fortunes change hands like wild deuces and threes in an old lady's poker game.

Eight was the bald man's number. He threw two fives and a nine and the hard six and eleven and then he made his point. Casey left his money on the table. The shooter smiled when the stickman pushed the dice back to him. He bent over and whispered to the cubes in his hand. The blonde baby wasn't betting. Casey was not sure but he got the impression she was with the tall guy in the white dinner jacket. She was standing very close to him. He was a classy character, Casey thought. The operator kind. Maybe forty-five, but the tennis-swimming-pool forty-five, a deep tan with solid flesh and the eyes very clear, as if they had never taken a bad turn. The man was playing with fifty and hundred dollar chips, playing in a casual way, hardly seeming to take notice of whether he won or lost.

Man, oh man, the big luck is starting. Maybe the dame, he thought. Then he told himself to stop looking for signs. He was going just fine and this was no time to start getting dumb. But he let the grand ride. Casey looked up as the tall man put a grand down against him, the same bet as before. This time the bald man rolled two fives, ten the hard way. The stickman called again for all bets please, as he paid off one bet on the hard ten and then shoved the dice across the green felt. The shooter turned to a man beside him and smiled in an almost guilty manner, as if to say: They didn't do what I told them that time.

Then he threw a six and two eights and a five and nine. Casey could feel the excitement around him rising like fire. People were reaching in over shoulders, between bodies to get their bets down on the numbers as the bald man rolled another six and then a four, and up came the same two fives and Casey looked down and saw the two grand there on the line in front of him. He took it all in. A man in a tuxedo next to him smiled as if to congratulate him. He had four

And then he heard himself say, "But not like this little lady." He could find no argument with himself on that. She was de luxe, top grade. She goes with the big money like Bel Aire, first class on the *Ile de France*, and Cartiers and the wine list at Romanoff's. There are certain things in this nice little old world that you do not buy with nickels and dimes. He smiled. And as he did, he became aware that she was looking at him. Then, by the softening, almost teasing expression in her eyes, he could tell that she thought he had been smiling at her.

The tall man next to her turned and spoke to her. She answered him without taking her eyes off Casey. The character looked over briefly at Casey. His face did not betray anything he might have been thinking. Instead, he placed five 100 dollar chips down on the no-pass line. Now the blonde looked at the table and then over at Casey. Without realizing just what he was doing, Casey put 500 down on the pass line. Then he noticed the stickman glancing across at the girl as if he knew her. Now what the hell am I doing, he started to ask himself, but the cubes rolled out seven the first toss and Casey felt a sudden rush of excitement take hold of him.

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grand now. He felt as drunk as he had ever felt in his life, but he had not had even a single drink.

He glanced over at the blonde and she was looking directly at him. Their eyes met, but he was the one to turn away, telling himself as he did: You just forget about this dream, Mister. You do not want yourself in a sling; you just forget about her, see!

But he could not get her out of his mind.

She was standing there, tall in the silver evening dress that left her shoulders bare and was cut down in front so you could see the rising tanned fullness of her breasts, and she had a mouth that made him think she must have been taught to kiss by tigers.

Casey had not missed his share of fancy gals, but nothing like this.

There was something about this sweet little dream that gave Casey a feeling almost as if he had never really seen a woman in his entire life.

The bald man was talking to the cubes again. Casey could not hear what he was saying. He imagined the man saying gentle things to the dice, talking to them as if they were children; he had that kind of face. He hoped the little man would have the sense to quit with the pile of dough he was racking up for himself. Casey liked to see a sucker turn up a big winner sometimes. It was the sort of thing that was almost like a religion, he thought. And then he laughed at himself for getting so soft, and he told himself that maybe that was what winning could do to a guy. Good Will To Them. Merry Christmas All You Little Suckers. His mouth fell open in an easy grin.

This time when he looked up, it was the tall man staring at him. When the other caught Casey's eye, he shoved a grand out on the no-pass line, then glanced at the girl, saying something to her. Casey knew, even as he pushed his grand out, that he was becoming real sucker stuff, but this awareness was not enough to hold him back.

So we play for the lady then, Casey said to himself like a joke he knew wasn't funny.

She looked at him and smiled after he had pushed his own stack of chips out. It was plain she was completely aware of what was going on, that she had been made the stakes in this game. Her smile seemed to say that she understood this, that she was a

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When you're on the way
to make-outs-ville . . .

THERE'S
NO MADNESS
in the METHOD . . .

MEN'S ARTICLE Morton J. Golding

The British are a forward looking race.

They may like people to think they are reserved and unimaginative. They may even convince you that they despise progress and have not taken a forward step since the opening of the original Crystal Palace in 1851. But don't you believe it. It isn't true.

Take a case in point: Method acting. Only recently, according to the *Guardian* of Manchester, the British Gas Board decided to use the Stanislavski technique to train its

salesmen. They even imported a teacher from the London equivalent of the Actors' Studio to instruct some of the top stove and refrigerator hucksters. The Method would add punch to their sales pitch, the Gas Board reasoned.

Forward looking? Ingenious? You bet!

And where does our country make use of Stanislavski's teaching? Only in the theater, the same institution that developed it back in 1911. Mos-

(turn over)

cow. You see. Nearly fifty years and no progress.

But we could have progress. With only a small amount of Yankee ingenuity and positive thinking, we could put the Method to uses that would not only have astonished old Konstantin himself, but would place us squarely ahead of our British cousins.

For example, let's take the vital field of girl-getting—and surely this is a more important area of human endeavor than gas. Once thoroughly trained in Method techniques, American males could be as efficient in the care and handling of females as Eskimo men are in the care and handling of kayaks.

But already I can sense a certain amount of resistance on the part of some of my readers. "Has the art of charming pre-bedroom small talk given way to scratching and mumbling?" they are asking. "Is the torn T-shirt to replace the Brooks Brothers' suit?"

Rest easy. In spite of some of the Method actors you may have seen, there's more to the Stanislavski system than muttering, scratching oneself and wearing dirty clothes. Though I must admit that mumbling and even scratching can have a place in the bedroom—as they often do in the theater.

But the basic philosophy of the Method is what I'm talking about. That, and the application of its techniques and practice exercises.

And what is the basic philosophy of the Method? Get in character. Live the role you are playing. Convince yourself that what you are saying is true, feel the emotions you are trying to show, and half the battle to convince others is already won.

Can anyone think of a better philosophy for the woman chaser?

Let's get down to specifics. The thing that the Methodmen, such as Brando, Kazan and the rest, work hardest at is the creation of true life emotion by the use of techniques which can tickle the unconscious. In his book, *An Actor Prepares*, Stanislavski said that his actors were working toward a "super-objective." And I don't need to point out just how super certain objectives can be. You know.

Now one of the things that any good Stanislavski man must learn is to control the "inner action" or intention. This, put simply, is what

is *really* happening during a scene, regardless of what you are saying.

Let us see how this applies to your favorite indoor sport: At critical moments, you may well be discussing the Lawrence Durrell tetralogy or the ultimate implications of negative matter. But what you are really interested in is something else altogether. If you should lose sight of this—if you should stop in the middle of a fond embrace, for example, to plunge into a heated discourse on Scrabble—the game may well be lost beyond redemption.

Never lose sight of the fact that what you're saying is not nearly so important as what you're doing.

The inner action often changes from scene to scene or even from point to point within a scene. The whole purpose of one little episode may be to induce the lady to go out to dinner with you. At another point, it may be simply to get your arm from here to there. But why go on? I'm sure you get the idea.

Now the distance between the beginning and the end of a piece of inner action or intention is known as a "beat." (This has nothing to do with the Greenwich Village or San Francisco Beats, though many of them have long since mastered many of Stanislavski's theatrical secrets.) For example, the length of time between the end of dinner and convincing your companion to stop at your flat for a snifter of brandy might be a beat.

It's important to keep the beats going in their proper rhythm. One intention may be quite different from another which comes before or after it. And if those beats don't come right, you may get all bollixed up. Some actors write down all their beats. However, there are times when notes are awkward to read. Memorization is the thing here.

Within a single large intention, there are often many small intentions. Even such a simple-seeming bit of action as getting an arm from here to there might mean many twistings and turnings of plot and mood before it is completed. The Methodman's term for these smaller intentions is "Problems"—an exceedingly appropriate word.

Taking just a moment to recapitulate, what has the method taught us thus far? Get the beat, solve the small problems and your intentions will work out just fine.

Now let's go to the mental dis-

ciplines which the Methodmen have developed in order to make their scenes. The most famous of these is the technique of using the memory of a previous emotional experience to put more punch into a new one.

If you want to show that you're real moved about something, the theory says, then you must think back to a time when you really *were* moved, and re-create the emotion you felt then.

The application is obvious. Let us assume *she* asks the age old question: "Do you really love me?" A man of a philosophic turn of mind might take this opportunity to discourse upon the nature of love and of the beautiful. But not if he is learned in the Method.

The thing to do here is to think back on the time when you *did* love something. Perhaps a pet hamster when you were a boy. Then you can not only give the required response, but act in the same loving manner as you did with your pet. This sort of thing must not be carried too far, naturally. It would be a mistake to call her by the hamster's name, for example, or praise her pink little nose and soft fur.

The point is to put across the feeling of truth. And the best way to do this, as Stanislavski has pointed out, is to convince yourself first. "Feel the feelings inside yourself," a famous director once told his cast. "Then your audience cannot help but feel them, too."

To be most effective, you must thoroughly immerse yourself in the entire background of the situation—what Stanislavski calls the "given circumstances." If *she* is a water polo enthusiast, it might be well for you to take the part of an ex-champ at the sport who had to retire due to an unfortunate chlorine allergy. Really live the subject. Read up on it. Feel the feelings of a water polo player. You might even hold your head under the water next time you bathe, just to give yourself an idea of the danger of it all.

Remember always to keep in character and act as if you have experienced everything you say you have experienced. Get the rhythm and the tempo of the role you are playing and this will help you become that person—which is the real aim of any dedicated Methodman.

At times, however, you may be forced to do something which you feel

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According to Webster, a sprite is an elf, and an elf is a sprite and a sprite is a girl as pretty as Margo Gohlke . . .

BLITHE SPRITE!

There are sprites that live in the forest, in glades, and of course in water. Were Margo really an elf, she'd have to be of the aquatic persuasion. As you can see at a glance, her pert, perky good looks are not dampened one bit by being immersed in H₂O.

Where more formal beauties would shudder at the thought of dunking their glamour bodies and getting their tresses damp, Margo glories in the freedom, the sensuous excitement of



the element in which she feels most at home. Luckily, she is a West Coaster, where private swimming pools are common as traffic jams, so she has no trouble swimming in the state she likes best . . . au naturel, without the constriction of a bathing suit to cramp her very elegant style . . .

When not swimming or sunning herself, she is a highly paid and highly in demand model. Her sprite-like looks have enabled her to pose for everything from glamour shots like these . . . to high fashion photos. Golke is lucky . . . as you are to see her here!



Even if you're a non-reader it would make sense to join this . . .

"BOOK CLUB"

MEN'S FICTION Harry Fontaine

Librarians aren't sexy. This one was no exception. She wore her brown hair in a bun at the nape of her neck; a masculine looking white blouse; a rough tweed suit and, of course, sensible shoes.

"Yes? May I help you?" Her voice was gentle and, as the placard on her desk suggested, Quiet.

"I would like a copy of the Kinsey Report," I answered.

Her lips formed the merest suggestion of a smile. "Male or Female?" Damn her! It's like when you go to a drugstore and it's *always* a girl who serves you, and she *always* smiles and asks, "What kind?"

"Female, please." I leered at her with what I thought was overbearing masculinity.

"I'm sorry," she smiled. "That gentleman over there in the gray suit has the last copy." She glanced in the

direction of a long library table occupied by two teen-age, gum-snapping girls giggling over a book on male anatomy; a fluttery looking old gentleman (a bird watcher, no doubt) intently engrossed in a large copy of "Woodlarks"; and the gray suit.

"Has he drawn the book, or is he just looking at it here?"

"He doesn't have a library card, I'm sure..."

"May I ask him?"

"Certainly."

I walked over. "Pardon me, but the librarian, Miss... ah..."

"Simpson." He looked up and smiled, "Say, this is the damndest book. Have you read it?"

"No, I was hoping..."

"Sit down, sit down." He motioned to an empty chair beside him. "My name is Charles Stone. Yours?"

"Bill Tobey." I sat down and asked, "Are you nearly finished?"

He looked at me queerly and answered, "I hope so, I really hope so."

"I don't understand..."

"Forget it," he grinned. "I was thinking aloud. I used to think there were so many girls and so little time, and now—I wonder."

"Hell," I laughed, "you still got a lot of time. You can't be any older than me, thirty-three... thirty-four."

"I'm twenty-two," he smiled weakly.

"Sorry, I didn't realize..."

"That's okay," he laughed. "Twenty-two, seventy-two, what's the difference? I'm both."

"Now about Kinsey." I wanted to change the subject.

"Kinsey has made it all very clear, with his graphs, percentages, confessions. I wish I could have spoken to him," Charles mused.

"I have a fine collection of 'Erotica' and I was wondering if Kinsey should be added..."

"Not Kinsey," he interrupted. "Kinsey is merely a collection of cold, proven facts. But if you are interested in Erotica—I have a book I'm sure you have never seen."

"What's it called?" I was naturally interested.

"Suppose you meet me here tomorrow—I'll bring it. It's entitled *The Complete Consummation of Sex*."

"I should like very much to look at it. What time shall I meet you?"

"Look at it? Hell, I may even give it to you." He studied me closely. "Yes, I think I'll give it to you. Be here sometime after two tomorrow."

"Fine!" I agreed.

As I was leaving, I passed Miss Simpson's desk. She smiled quite warmly (for a librarian). "You look quite pleased with yourself, Mr. ——"

"Tobey, Bill Tobey." I paused momentarily in front of her desk.

"Did you find the information you were looking for?"

"No," I chuckled, "but I will tomorrow."

"How nice." She removed her glasses and her eyes narrowed as she repeated, "How *very* nice."

I walked out the front door thinking: There's something about her eyes...

Shortly before 2 p.m. the next day, I was back. As I hurried past her desk, she looked up. "Good afternoon, Mr. Tobey."

"Good afternoon, Miss Simpson. Has my friend Mr. Stone arrived yet?"

"Yes, he's here," she smiled.

"I hope I haven't kept him waiting," I answered.

"He's been waiting—quite some time."

I hurried over to the table where Charles was seated.

"Hello, Bill. I'm glad you could come," he greeted me warmly.

I pulled up a chair and said, "You've whetted my curiosity with this book of yours. I wouldn't have missed meeting you today if Kim Novak had offered to..."

His laughter interrupted me, "Okay, Bill, here it is. No—don't open it here. Wait until you can read it in privacy."

My eager fingers reluctantly closed the worn leather jacket. "You mean it's mine? Surely you will allow me to pay you something..."

"That won't be necessary. I want you to take it home tonight and study it very carefully, then return with it tomorrow, and, if you still wish to keep it—it shall be yours on *one* condition."

"The condition?"

"Read it first and we'll talk of that tomorrow."

That night I read it and reread it. *The Complete Consummation of Sex* was the most thorough and extensive compilation on the subject I had ever read. Fascinating! It had chapters on the ancient anointing rituals used on Egyptian virgins; the education of Moorish harem girls; the female circumcision rites still used in Africa.

I had to have it. My library on Erotica would not be complete with "Miss Simpson..."

out it. While walking to the library the next day, I swore to myself I would fulfill his condition... any condition.

He was waiting. "Well, Bill, what do you think of it?"

"It is the most emotionally inspired book I have ever read, tell me—what must I do?"

"Did you read the chapter on the unadorned beauty that lies within all women?"

"Yes."

"I see. And you believe this exquisite loveliness belongs to man? Not any man, but to the *one* man who has the knowledge and ability to find this beauty, in any woman, and bathe himself in unconfined rapture. Do you believe this?"

"Yes, I believe that." I thought he was getting a little carried away with himself, but basically what he said I believed.

"Excellent! Excellent!" He was jubilant. "Then it's settled, the book shall be yours."

"I don't quite follow you."

"All you have to do is prove what you just admitted. Find this inner beauty in a woman—and the book is yours."

"Any woman?" I had ideas about two I'd like to try these principles on.

"No-o-o. Not any woman. This shall have to be something of a test. I'll choose the woman."

"Okay." The other two would have to wait. "Who?"

"Yes—who?" He was staring into space and thinking aloud. "She can't be beautiful or too young. It must be a woman whose inner beauty lies very deep, or it wouldn't be a true test."

"Let's not make her too old," I suggested.

"She must be quite plain, and yet—with a promise." He hadn't heard me. "Someone like—I've got it! Of course, why didn't I think of her before."

"Who? Who?" I sounded like an owl.

He smiled the bad news. "Miss Simpson, our tweedy librarian."

"How..."

"You read the book?"

"Yes, but..."

"Simply follow the instructions," he answered conclusively.

I thought it over for a moment. He offered no further suggestions. If I wanted the book, and I did, it was up to me. I walked hesitantly to her desk. "Miss Simpson..."

"Yes?" She looked up. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Tobey, did you find a book you want?"

"Yes... I mean, no," I quickly corrected myself.

She removed her glasses and smiled, "Well, Mr. Tobey—did you or didn't you?"

"Yes, I found a book, but it doesn't belong to the library. Mr. Stone gave it to me."

"Mr. Stone is very generous." She swept a smile in his general direction, then turned to face me again. "Is there anything else, Mr. Tobey?"

"Miss Simpson..." How in hell do I start, I wondered. "Miss Simpson, it's nearly time for dinner and I hate dining alone... I was wondering if perhaps... you might care... to join me?"

"Mr. Tobey!" She paused while I squirmed. "How thoughtful of you—I'd be delighted."

She went for her coat and I thought: I've cleared the first hurdle. Charlie Stone was smiling at me and he had his thumb and forefinger raised in the old You've got it made signal.

We had walked down the wide steps and onto the sidewalk before she spoke. "Mr. Tobey..."

"Bill's easier."

"Oh, thank you. Mine's Darlene. Ah... Bill, I've always been considered quite a cook and I have a couple of king-sized steaks at my place—if you'd rather..."

"I'd love to. I don't often get a chance to have a good home broiled steak." I spoke quickly, afraid she might change her mind.

Her apartment was neat and in good order, as a librarian's apartment should be. The large living room had a massive sofa covered with cushions, and she had a small portable bar, which surprised me. She made a damn good martini, which surprised me even more. I made myself comfortable on the sofa and nursed my drink while she busied herself in the kitchen.

"If you'd care for another drink, help yourself. I won't be long." Her voice was mingled with kitchen noises.

I did. Twice I made trips to the bar before dinner.

Dinner was excellent. The steaks were rare and the French dressing on the salad was wonderful. We finished with strong black coffee laced with brandy.

"Darlene, that was marvelous."

"Thank you. Now, if you would like to browse through my library, such as it is, I'll clean up."

I walked over to the massive shelves that covered one end of the room and began to read the titles on book jackets. She had both copies of Kinsey! I took down *The Sexual Behavior of the Female* and carried it back to the couch.

"My, you look comfortable."

I looked up, startled, for I had been deeply engrossed in Kinsey. "And you, too!" She had tidied up more than the kitchen.

She smiled and reached for my empty glass. "May I?"

"Thanks, I could use another one."

I watched her closely as she mixed the drinks. She didn't look half bad in lounging pajamas. With her hair loose like that she looked very feminine. The tweedy librarian had completely disappeared and in her place was a rather attractive and very well formed woman.

"May I join you?" She stood in front of me with the two drinks.

"Why sure." I pushed a few of the cushions back and made room.

She picked up the book I had laid down. "Oh, you were reading Kinsey. Do you find him interesting? It's

rather stimulating for me to hear what a male thinks of Kinsey's report on the weaker... sex."

"He is indeed interesting." I downed the martini. "But regarding his facts and figures, I find it rather difficult to believe the average woman can be so..."

"Sensuous?"

"Ah... yes, I guess that's the word."

"I see." She smiled and sipped at her drink.

I felt vaguely uncomfortable and, forgetting it was empty, raised my glass to my lips.

She laughed and nodded toward the bar. "Help yourself."

I mixed myself a double and returned to the sofa. She was busy reading *the book*. The book which in order to own I had promised to prove myself with this librarian.

"Say, this is good. This *Consummation of Sex* thing. Have you read it?"

"I've browsed through it," I admitted.

"This part here..." she leaned against me and pointed to the part—Harem Girls in Training.

"Do you think this training could

(turn to page 55)



"...now stop interrupting me! This is the third time today you've made me lose my place."



Science feels you should
always leave a little . . .

MARGIN FOR ERROR...

When the Leidengorse Theory of Temptation becomes as famous as Newton's Law of Gravitation, I deserve as much fame as the apple. I am aware that this may sound immodest, but the unsung heroes of science, the human guinea pigs, the volunteers in medical laboratories, deserve as many chapters in the history of scientific progress as Newton, Pasteur, Einstein and Leidengorse. For this reason I have set down to the best of my recollection the human history of some of the developments preceding the inevitable disclosure of the Leidengorse Theory of Temptation.

As a young man, I was unable to appreciate fully the strides of the intellect and the sacrifices they entail. In short, I was not one of those who volunteer for medical experiments. So, when Professor Leidengorse called me into his office one day after psychology class and asked for my help in an experiment he was conducting, I was at first reluctant.

"But young man," the Professor

said, plucking gently at the end of his beard with three fingers, "you fit my requirements exactly. I need someone of average height and weight, good looking, with normal habits and a healthy moral background."

I conceded that I fit this description, but, even after he promised that the experiment would be in no way painful, I was still hesitant.

Remuneration? I hinted. I had heard his volunteers were paid two dollars an hour for their inconvenience.

"We'll talk about that after the experiment," he answered enigmatically. "I'm not so sure you'll insist on any." He winked slyly, unscientifically, and gave me a surprisingly unprofessional smile.

I was still doubtful, but then I remembered I had an economics seminar at the time he had suggested for the experiment. He agreed to arrange for my absence. On such quirks of fate does much of modern science rest.

I arrived at his office the next afternoon at the appointed hour. "Empty your pockets," the Professor said at once. He was much more solemn than the day before, and I began to have my doubts again. Empty my pockets for visual perception tests, aural sensitivity tests, reaction tests, whatever they were?

With the wary eyes of a psychologist, he noticed my agitation. "It won't be the least bit painful," he insisted. "I assure you." A smile passed across his solemnity for a fleeting moment, then he coughed and was grim once more.

We walked down the hall to his laboratories. As I entered, I was struck by the odd arrangement of the room: a shower stall on the left, a raised platform or dais next to that, then an upright frame supporting a beaded curtain in a kind of simulated oriental doorway, and on the right a bed with a mattress and a neatly fitted sheet (with hospital corners, I noticed in my increasingly scientific mood).

"Temptation is one of the most common of all human emotions," Professor Leidengorse began, almost passionately, seeming to bounce his monocle off my chest as he gesticulated. "But no one has ever successfully studied the physiological nature of temptation, scientifically measured the bodily reaction to an overwhelming enticement. I cannot overestimate

the width of this gap in human knowledge. In order to determine moral codes of behavior, we must be assured by science precisely what physiological effects temptations to vice produce, whether the body can overrule the soul, whether man's health and morals can be accommodated to one another. You, my son, will be playing an important part in this great study."

Then the Professor placed clamps on my wrists and temples, some sort of stethoscope over my heart, and a little rubber disk on my forehead, all trailing wire back to a large apparatus, at the rear of the laboratory, before which he now sat.

"One final caution," he said soberly. "Do not disturb the wiring in any way. Sit as rigidly as possible on the stool." And suddenly he flicked off all the lights, except for a small spotlight which focused on the dais directly in front of me.

"We're ready now," he said, raising his voice for a third person to hear.

And into the light from the darkness languidly walked the third person, a tall, slim, shapely, long-legged girl of about eighteen—but those last two or three years! Languid, slim, such a slow and warm and soft body! With a slow and warm and languid smile on her moistly parted lips. The wires rubbed against my skin. The stethoscope bounced on my chest. Her clothes weren't vulgarly one size too small, but there wasn't an inch of her clothing fitted loosely. Pygmalion, Jupiter's forehead, Adam's rib, a gleam in her father's eye, what difference did it make whence she had sprung—this was to be temptation at its height! Dr. Leidengorse spared no expense to get the best equipment available. (I recalled reading recently that he had won a grant to continue his studies.)

The girl was wearing high heels, silk stockings, a tight blouse and a blue silk skirt which must have been tailored to her own, those very own hips of hers now swinging slowly before me. Her languid, soft hands alluringly caressed her airy, raven-black hair. Still smiling, she turned slowly on the dais to show me her profile. Her breasts were not flattened by the tightness of her blouse nor pushed into a grotesque protuberance; they pressed firmly against the blouse and formed it softly into their own curved loveliness. The image of ripe grapes had never ap-

pealed to me with such great force.

Slowly, with grace but with no false modesty, not grinning pruriently like a strip-tease dancer, she leaned over to grasp the hem of her skirt, and raised it to the top of her stocking, revealing the lovely, white, slim leg her body promised and my nearly unbearable temptation demanded. The machine at the rear of the laboratory was whirring with data.

Still smiling directly at me, openly, warmly, still with no coy, calculating modesty, she unfastened her stocking. And balancing gracefully, extending her leg in an exquisite arc, then folding it beneath her body like a bird its wing, she seemed to fondle the stocking down her thigh, down her lovely calf, until it came off in her hand and dropped lazily to her feet. She repeated the ballet-like movement with her other stocking, but it was unnecessary for the purpose of the Professor's experiment. My heart pounded wildly and I could feel the wild fluctuations of the wires attached to my wrists and temples. The whirring became even louder. Would the apparatus survive? The Professor must have his back turned, I thought, or his notes could be illegible.

With the same lovely and graceful and languid movements, as if in slow-motion with a soft warm breeze caressing every inch of her body, the girl unfastened her skirt and swirled slowly, silently, around and around on her toes, the skirt dropping inch by inch to her feet in a curve of grace.

The swirl completed, and delicately balanced on her toes, she crossed her arms under the bottom edge of her blouse and casually, sleepily, lifted it over her stomach, caressingly over her breasts, over her head, and then it, too, fell lazily at her feet. Her arms now over her head, she twirled rapidly, her smooth limbs in perfect harmony with her curvaceous body, covered only by black silken panties and bra.

Suddenly the lights went out, and my sweat and agitation told me the Professor had much valuable data. I sat rigid and absorbed, blinking my eyes in the darkness, and heard the Professor's voice from the direction of the machine. "Phase One," he said, and the machine registered something. I realized there was more to come. I awaited "Phase Two."

"If you have any observations you'd like to make during the experi-

(turn to page 64)

"DON'T HANG UP!"

Little did Alexander Graham Bell think he was inventing a new kind of perversion when he came up with the telephone . . .

Virginia hummed quietly to herself as she picked out her dress, preparing for tonight's date with Dave. Carefully, she chose a dark blue jersey. The night after announcing their engagement, he would most likely take her out to dinner, and she felt like dressing for the occasion. Quickly, she pulled the dress over her head, and began combing her hair.

The phone's ringing surprised her, and, for a moment, a tremor of apprehension ran through her. David wasn't coming? Something had happened to hold him up? She glanced at her watch as she hurried to the phone. Six o'clock. He wasn't due for another hour. Probably Beverly or some other girl friend wanting to congratulate her. (*turn over*)

MEN'S SHOCKER William A. Austin

She picked up the receiver, "Hello." The man's voice was husky, low-pitched and almost trembling, "Don't hang up," he said.

"What?" she said, startled by the urgency in his voice, the pleading. "Who is this?"

"Nobody," he said, "At least nobody you know. I . . ." he hesitated, "I just picked your name out of the phone book."

Angrily, she said, "Well, you can just pick some other girl's name . . ."

"Wait," he said. "Please wait, you don't understand."

"I certainly don't," she said, but the queer tone of longing mixed with sadness and resignation stayed her hand. "What do you want?"

"I . . ." Again he hesitated, seeming to grope for words. "I just wanted someone to say good-by to. I'm going, and all of a sudden I realized I didn't even have anyone to say good-by to. So I called you. I just picked a name at random out of the phone book. That's not asking too much, is it? Just wanting someone to say good-by to?"

Something in the way he said it made her ask, "What do you mean, you're going?"

He sighed, and the sound was an agonizing one over the phone. "I'm just tired, that's all, so I'm quitting." He was silent for a moment, and then he spoke again, his voice so low she had to strain to hear. "Tired of being lonely, tired of walking the streets, of sitting in this little apartment, tired of not even having anyone to . . . say good-by to."

Suddenly, listening to him, the apartment seemed to squeeze in on her, and she remembered how dank and tiny it used to seem before she met Dave. The nights she spent curled on the chair listening to the silence of an empty apartment, the sounds of a then hostile city. What would she be doing now if she hadn't met Dave six months ago? Leafing through the phone book? Looking for someone to say good-by to?

He evidently mistook her silence for lack of interest. "Well," he said, "I won't bother you any more." He tried to inject a lighter tone into his voice. "Good-by, and thanks for listening to me."

"Wait!" she said anxiously, fearing he would disconnect her, "I don't even know your name." She hesitated, "Mine is Virginia. But I suppose you already know that."

"No," he said, "I just picked the number. I didn't even look at the

name. I'm Frank Crowell." The line was silent again for a moment, as she tried desperately to think of something to say. When he spoke again, his voice held none of the previous false gaiety. "Good-by, Virginia."

"Wait Frank." She could hear all the frustration of her first few months in the city in his voice. "Don't do anything foolish. Listen, Frank, a few months ago I felt almost the same way you do. But then . . . something happened; I met someone, and all those lonely months were worth it, Frank, they really were." She closed her eyes to contain the tears she could feel starting down her cheeks. With the harsh light of the apartment blocked out, it was as if she could see him huddled by the phone in some small room, most likely untidy, his clothes thrown carelessly around, an ash tray overflowing with butts. And Frank, clutching the phone, holding onto this tenuous connection with another person, with warmth and affection. The last he might ever know if she didn't do something. "Do you see what I mean, Frank? Don't do anything . . . final."

"I know what you mean, but it's too late for me." His voice was resigned. "Nothing or no one is going to happen to me. Thanks anyway, but, like I said before, I'm tired."

She couldn't let him hang up; she knew she could never let him go ahead and do what he'd do if he quit talking to her now. It would be on her conscience the rest of her life. Every time she picked up a phone, she'd hear his tortured voice begging her, "Don't hang up. Please don't hang up."

"Virginia?" he asked, "Virginia, please don't feel badly toward me. Don't think I'm some sort of nut or something, but please remember me. I want somebody to."

Suddenly, she knew what she would have to do. "Frank," she asked softly, "where do you live?"

"On 121st Street. Why?"

"Where on 121st Street? I'll take a taxi over, and we'll talk about this, Frank. Please, before you do anything, let's talk about it anyway."

"It won't do any good," he said. "You'd better not come."

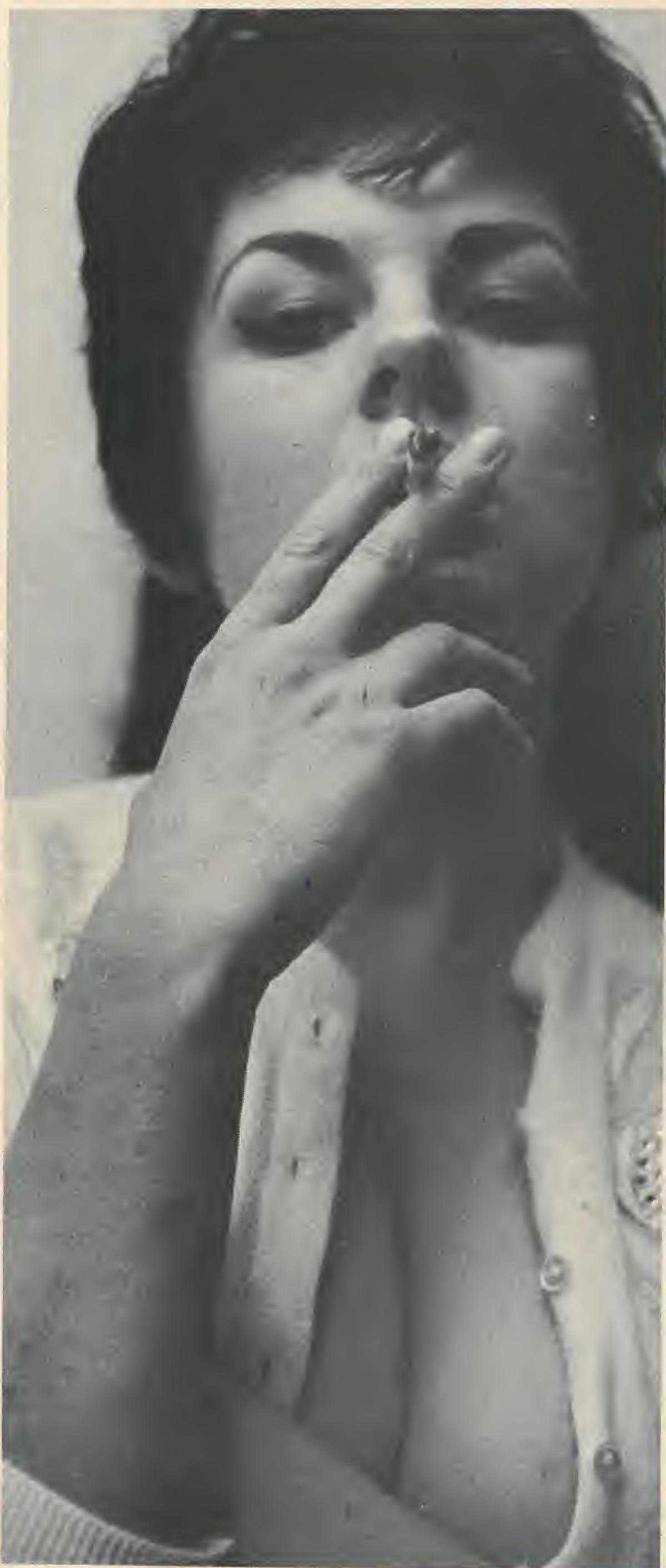
"Please, Frank."

"Well . . ." he hesitated, and then gave her an address.

Getting up the next morning, she stretched and grinned at herself in the bathroom mirror. She couldn't remember when she had felt happier

or more pleased with herself. Somehow, she felt better than she ever had before. It's because, she told herself, it's the first time you've ever actually done something for someone with no thought of reward. She was almost awe struck as she realized she had actually saved a man's life. Someone was alive today who wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for her.

She glanced at her watch, and realized she'd slept late. She hurried to the phone to call Dave. She felt more in love with him than ever before. He hadn't even asked for an explanation when she had called him to say she wouldn't be able to go out last night. Some day, she supposed, she would tell him of what had happened last night. He was the type who would understand, who would know why she had done it.



want . . . if needs are ever wanted . . . as they might be in this case.

Girl friend? Think you could find a better companion to escort to your favorite cocktail lounge . . . as you walk in all eyes would be on you . . . because Glenda's arm is in yours. Or how would you like to surprise those married friends of yours, the ones who've been trying to get you to join their misery,



when you drop by for dinner with a date like Glenda? There wouldn't be much talk about food that evening. Bet your bottom dollar on that!

Of course, when you do decide to make the big move, you couldn't go far wrong with a wife who has Glenda's looks. Think you'd miss too many commuter specials if you knew she was waiting prettily for you over a warm kitchen stove? Fat chance!

But before you let those dreams go too far, pay heed to the fact that Glenda is only used as an example. She's doing too well as a model and actress to even think of changing her ways, and all her little needs are presently, and well, provided for.

But you can dream, can't you?

MEN'S FICTION Joe Gottesman



HOW
DO YOU LIKE
After all, she was known as
"Strawberry Jamm, The Girl
Who Spreads it Around . . ." THAT GUY?

I mean, how do you like that guy! Orrie Oblath, my own agent, an individual I looked up to like he was Herbert Schweitzer or somebody, to turn on me that way. I ask you, can you trust anybody these days?

He says I had it coming. He had the nerve to say that. All right, I put it to you, you got no stone to grind. Fair is fair, and he had no right to call me a slut. That's not a very nice

word. I'm really quite sensitive to that sort of thing.

Sure, I worked in burlesque. What's to be ashamed? I was billed as Strawberry Jamm, The Girl Who Spreads It Around, even though I didn't strip like the other big-timers. I was what they call an exotic, which means I peeled backstage before I went on, and here and there I wore these rhinestone rubies that flashed when I moved like I was giving off sparks, and when the spot picked me up, well, there I was in the flash as Zip Durant, one of the comics, used to say. Also, I worked with a scarf, very chiffon, and I went into this dance, tray artistic, and quite a strain on the back, believe me. It was more dignified that way, not that I got anything against strippers. They're the cream of the earth, some of them, but I never could feel comfortable getting undressed in front of a bunch of males. It's just a personal what they call quirk of mine. I'm saving that routine for my husband, if the joyous day ever comes, which I doubt if the men in this world are all made like Oblath.

What happened was this. I was having this lo-cal special at Schwab's —hamburger patty with a dab of cottage cheese on the side—and this good looking chap on the next stool was having the same. So I figured him for an actor and thought nothing of it, until I asked him to pass the salt and he gave me a long look and said I ought to go easy on the salt, that's the worst thing if you've got a figure problem, all the books on the subject say so. The salt won't let you pass water, or something quite frank like that. Well, we started conversing, and I didn't see any harm in it, both of us being in the industry and having problems of a mutual nature.

He said his name was Strike Bannon, although his *real* name was something quite Lithuanian, and it's amazing what a handle some smart agent gives you can do for your whole personality. He used to be a regular stick-in-the-box, he said, and now he went to parties and did imitations of movie stars and was quite an outrevert. Well, immediately I knew what he meant, because I had the same problem when I was a kid, and even when I went into burlesque I used to get embarrassed in front of the stagehands until the booker thought up Strawberry Jamm, and it make quite a difference in my whole outlook.

"Look, I been talking to you like to a long-lost sister," he said, "and you ain't even told me your name."

"I don't see no harm," I said. "It's Veronica Brown. My agent, a kook named Oblath, thought it up."

"What was it before that?" he asked.

"Strawberry Jamm."

Well, he had this coffee to his lips, and he laughed so hard it spilled all over his shirt. "You got a nice sense of humor," he said. "I hope you don't think I'm fresh, but I like you. I'm sure glad you asked for the salt."

Now don't that sound like a gentleman to you? Even though I don't know what I said was so funny, a sense of humor is something a man likes in a girl, so I heh-heh'd a little and said, "You're really very sweet." Which of course definitely broke the ice between us and, before you know it, he was paying my check and telling me about this bungalow he had at the beach, which he shared with a friend of his who was a promising young director with a big future in the industry. And I only been in the industry six months."

"Just what I thought," he sneered. "You're going strictly nowhere with this kind of handling. You'll be playing grandma bits and still looking for the break if you stay with this guy."

"I got some ideas about loyalty which don't seem to be part of your make-up," I answered, not liking the job he was doing on Orrie.

"All right, get huffy," he said. "So pay the slob his ten per cent, but we can't have some blabbermouth agent talking it up all over town what we're doing. Tell him later, if you get the job."

Which also sounded reasonable. And like I say, this Strike Bannon had a very sincere and gentlemanly air about him, and if you want to know the truth, it wasn't only his air I dug. That boy was built. I mean, constructed. I mean, with all the extras, the profile, cleft chin, blonde wavy hair. Being like most girls only human, I go for the biceps bit, and he had them in spades. Not that I get frantic over every male I meet at a drugstore counter, but it's not natural to go backing out of sight when a good looking man, like they say, enters your life. Play it cool but natural, that's my motto.

"I know what's in your mind," he said. "And I don't blame you. Fact, I was testing you. The kind of girl they want for this part, she has to have a real spiritual quality. Something I see you got, or you wouldn't of froze that way when I mentioned the beach house."

"So go on," I said.

"You ever heard of Mary Magdalene?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, thinking no. "Who hasn't?"

"Well, that's the part," he said. "And believe me, it could make a star out of you."

So it turns out this Mary M. was somebody in the Bible who really slept it up all over town until she got religion and reformed, and they're doing this picture about her, and it's being shot strictly on the Q.T. so that Fourteenth Century Fox, which is toying with the same notion, don't get

wind of it. And the big stumbling stone is the right girl for the lead, and that's where I come in, if I pass the screen test.

Which sounded reasonable. So I said he should talk to my agent, Orrie Oblath, who was master-minding my career, and make the arrangements for the test.

"How much work you got from this Oblath?" he asked.

"Well, only a couple of walk-ons," I said. "But it takes time to get your message over to the right people. Like he says, Rome wasn't just slapped together between gladiola bouts at the Colosseum. And I only been in the industry six months."

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But as it turned out, I didn't have a chance to do either of those things. The joker is, I did end up on my back. Isn't that funny? I mean, you know those stories about doing it in Macy's window? Well, it wasn't exactly Macy's, but the description fits.

The scene, like they say, changes. Now it's two days later and I get a call from Strike saying he spoke to the director of his picture and this director, Gus, said that, relying on Strike's good taste and judgment and keen eye for acting talent, he wanted to interview me that evening and Strike would pick me up and take me

out to the studio, only he didn't say which studio. That was strictly not for publication, because if the competition ever got wind of the lay of the land, their ducks were dead.

So Strike picks me up at my apartment on Havenhurst, and I'm thinking to myself: What a perfect gent. He don't even come up and try to make a little time. He just honks the horn and calls, "Come on down and hop in, lady fair!" and then we're floating along in this pale yellow convertible, going west on Sunset, with Strike telling me how to act with Gus to make a good impression, and not to say too much, just agree with him and laugh when he cracks a joke, and don't cross my legs or use frank language, because Hollywood broads of the ordinary sort there were plenty of to star in an epic, but the dame—the woman—they picked had to have a very unusual quality, something called "an inner glow." Well, I put in a word, saying the only time I felt like that I went to a doctor and he said it was heartburn, and Strike laughed and said there's that sense of humor again, and he gave me a little squeeze just above the knee, which was very reassuring, because you never know in this town, especially with the wavy-haired blonde ones.

By this time we were out past all those college buildings in Westwood, and I said I didn't know of any movie studios out this far, and all he answered was, "Don't ask questions, doll. Just wait and see."

So I waited and what I saw was the Pacific Ocean with the moonlight on it, and we made a sharp right up the Coast road and, before you know it we were passing all those awfully private beach homes at Malibu, and now I had my head on Strike's shoulder, and then there was that hand on my knee again, only higher than before, and I sat up and said, "What is this, Strike, a kidnaping or something?"

Well, off came the hand, and he said, "Kiddin' aside, we're almost there. Fat chance Fourteenth Century spying on us all the way out here."

Then, suddenly, he cut the wheels and we skidded off the highway and onto a bumpy dirt road, and before I could open my mouth to ask about this very peculiar development, we were halfway up the mountain, bouncing and swerving and sending up dust. After about five minutes of this, the road flattened out and then in the headlights what do I behold up ahead but an oil derrick. So help me

Harry, one of those old wooden ones, and it looked as tired and rickety as Whistler's mother's aunt, really beat, and leaning like it had a few too many.

"This is it," said Strike.

"This is what?" I said. "This is a movie studio? This is an epic? Are you sick? What are we doing here?"

"Easy," he said. "The action's in the back. Glom!"

I glommed, all right. Behind the derrick there was this big wooden shed, with a couple cars and a pickup truck parked in front and some light coming through the cracks.

Well, Bertie, my girl, I'm telling myself. Bertie, you real dumb dope, what have you got yourself into? (My real name is Bertha and you can please forget I mentioned it.) But before I could start screaming or fleeing, Strike said in a big whisper, "Kid, before we go in, I got something important to tell you, and I want you should listen very carefully because you've been chosen by the sheriff of this county to serve your fellow citizens in a way few girls get the opportunity."

"What are you talk—" I began.

"Lemme finish," he said, still whispering. "I been telling you I'm an

actor named Strike Bannon and I brought you here to test for the lead in an epic," he said. "That's a fabrication."

"It's a what?" And now I'm whispering, too.

"The name is Oswald Fisher, Detective Lieutenant, Vice Squad, Sheriff's Department, Los Angeles County," he said. "Give a look." And he flipped open his wallet and shoved a card under my nose, which I couldn't read because it was too damn dark. But suddenly I began to shake and blubber because I've been run in once or twice for indecent exposure while working the burlesque circuit and I haven't yet gotten over the humiliation of that last pinch. I mean, standing there with your navel wrinkling is really the most *unrefined* experience. So when this Strike Bannon character began making like a cop, well, I mean I was petrified.

"Calm down, baby," he said. "We've done a complete check on you at the office, and with your credentials you're just the girl for the job. You ever heard of what they call stag films?"

"You mean like those movies they don't show at theaters, only at pri-

(turn to page 57)



"Sometimes I wonder what I married you for."



**ONE OF TODAY'S TOP
RESEARCHERS TURNS HIS GIMLET
EYE TO THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL.
BELIEVE IT OR DON'T,
ALL THESE ITEMS ARE TRUE!**

MEN'S ARTICLE Paul Steiner

The Bachelor in the Bath

"Men like to pursue an elusive woman, like a cake of wet soap in a bathtub—even men who hate baths." So spoke Gelett Burgess, the American humorist. But most guys don't hate baths. Why should they? They're so much fun.

A guy in Georgia boasts a bathroom with real masculine flavor. It has swinging doors, a totem pole towel rack, nail keg seas, lamps hanging from a brass rail and a goatskin tacked to the wall.

The most expensive tub ever built was owned by George Blumenthal of New York. Made of black and gold African marble, it cost a mere \$50,000 (fittings included).

William C. Grunow, a Chicago exec. owned the only onyx tub in the world. Made of rose and gold-veined onyx, it weighed a ton, and was completely unsuitable for use on safaris.

Ben Franklin, who brought the first formal bathtub to the U.S. from France, had also picked up the habit there of receiving visitors while soaking in the tub. (However, this fashion never quite caught on in Philadelphia.) Maybe one of the reasons was that the French Jacobin leader Marat, who had graciously granted an appointment to a twenty five-year-old thing named Charlotte Corday, was stabbed to death by her while listening to her story in his tub. (That's probably how the expression "mess in the bathroom" originated.)

The next best thing to having damsels call on you while you are immersed is to have a special phone installed through which you can safely converse with them while in the tub. It's called an "executive-type speaker-phone" and the phone company will put one in for you at a monthly addition of four dollars.

Golden fixtures and faucets are most practical (for a bachelor, any-
(turn to page 40)



HI-LIFE

"... Not a certain insurance executive who's supposed to be
in Chicago . . . I hope."

HI-LIFE

OVER VOICES — OTHER RUMORS ...



MEN'S HUMOR Robert G. Elliott

A recent article in the *Miami News* related that, during a convention of the American Medical Association, it was noted that the "B" girls working the joints on the Beach had "boned up" on their medical terms, and were using the familiar jargon of the amphitheater to con the good gray doctors into buying sparkling Burgundy at \$30 a bottle.

Some of the "badinage" was pretty awful, but it seemed to work, according to a reporter who made the rounds to verify the story. For example, one girl pulled this sparkler: "Are you a doctor? I've seen so many doc-

Or, "I'm a 'B' girl,
doctor, and I've got pains . . . "

tors tonight I'm ready to go to a hospital."

According to the article, this crisp bon mot gathered laughs, which is some sort of indication as to the low state of humor today. A remark like that wouldn't make *me* laugh, and it certainly wouldn't move me to pay fifteen on the line for a bottle of sneaky pete—unless it were for the purpose of breaking it over the comedienne's head. But it does show that the girls are in there with a new device to corral the money.

I rather imagine the above remark is typical of the girls' medical knowledge, because I can scarcely imagine any "B" girl discussing a trans-thoracic approach to the stomach with her companion, or some poule chatting about a bilateral epididymectomy over a tumbler of cheap wine. But the point is, these chicks are carrying the battle into the enemy camp (*all* outsiders are the enemy to show people), and it's paying off at \$100.00 an hour for the house.

Always one to track a thing down to its source, especially if it involves a bit of *sex*, I strolled into a Beach joint the next night, smoking an imported stethoscope, and was immediately pounced upon by three "B" girls, who threw themselves on my wallet with squeals of delight. That they were "B" girls was evident from the fact that they were all named Bea. I chose the least hungry and we were soon chatting away as if we had known each other for five minutes.

Naturally, she asked me if I wanted a drink, and, naturally, I said yes. I would have preferred ordering gin, but, instead, I asked for a jumbo jug of Mother Ginsberg's Kosher Wine. When Ted (that was her name) pouted that she wanted "bubbly," I instructed the waiter to hit the jug with a couple of shots from a bicycle pump, and my amour and I started chatting—all about my bank balance, the biggest fee I ever got and the amount of cash I carried around loose.

Her thirst for medical knowledge, overshadowed by her thirst for alcohol, was confined to asking me the best thing to do for a hangover. So, having proven my point, and tiring of her half nude body being glued to mine, I gave her a Mickey, rifled her pocketbook and strolled out into the starlit Miami night.

Later in the evening, as I sat dipping my feet in a hot Seidlitz powder, it came to me that, if anyone was in a

position to get back at "B" girls for their larcenous tactics, it was the doctors. By forcing services on them the same way the girls forced booze on the doctors, the medics could break them in one visit, and, as I feverishly chewed away on a peyote button, a dream unfolded in front of me, accompanied by the Munsell Color System, as promised, and the music from five thousand glockenspiels, faggotti, and tenoroons.

The scene was the waiting room of Dr. Rex Organ, Gynecologist at Large, in which, alone, is waiting Unity Mittleman, random "B" girl. At rise, we see Dr. Organ pop his head out of his crematorium, smiling a warm risus sardonicus.

DOCTOR: You're next, Miss.

UNITY: (Looks around at empty waiting room) You're sure?

DOCTOR: Sure, I'm sure I'm sure I'm sure. Do come in. And what seems to be your trouble, Miss . . . ?

UNITY: Unity, Doctor. Unity Mittleman, I'm a "B" girl, Doctor, an' I got pains. Remember, last night you told me to come see you? Remember? At the Stomach Pump Room?

DOCTOR: Of course. What else did I tell you?

UNITY: That your wife didn't understand you, that I was a doll, that I reminded you of your mother. The usual crap. Oh, yes—you asked me to go to bed with you.

DOCTOR: Strange, I have no wife, and I'm an orphan. Did I go to bed with you?

UNITY: Geez, you *musta* been bombed, doll. Sure you did.

DOCTOR: What was the tab—all told?

UNITY: Liquor and me came to \$1500.00. Cheap.

ORGAN: I see. Now about those pains.

UNITY: (Points to back of head) Like they're back here—sort of—and along the interior, like.

ORGAN: (Rubbing his hands, a gleam in his eyes) Umhum! I see. (As if to himself) Third inferior convolution. Could be Broca's area. No, the speech seems clear. Thalamus? Probably a little trephining indicated—just a smidgin.

UNITY: What's trephining, Doctor?

ORGAN: Trephining? Oh, that's something like a headache—with a hole in your head. Any other pains, Unity?

UNITY: Well, my stomach does feel kind of like it's got sharp, hot flashes,

but I figure that's due to a combination of a combination seafood platter, two quarts of slivovitz and a tenor sax.

ORGAN: A tenor sax?

UNITY: Sure. A tenor sax.

ORGAN: You mean you ate a tenor sax?

UNITY: Geez, no! I sat in after the joint closed. Boy, was I bombed!

ORGAN: (Makes notations on pad—writing—not hip) Hmm. Severe stomach pains, brought on by stupidity. Gastroenterostomy. Resection? Could be. There! That's fine. And we'll do a little exploratory.

UNITY: You belong to the Explorer's Club, the way you're talking?

ORGAN: Ha! Ha! Unity, you're a riot. No, dear, it's just a little operation before an operation.

UNITY: You mean, I'm needing one?

ORGAN: Perhaps. Let's say just a little Operation B Girl. Ha! Ha!

UNITY: Ho! Ho! Doc, you're as funny as an open grave.

ORGAN: Just living up to my Hippocratic oath, my dear.

UNITY: Did you say cratic or critic?

ORGAN: I said Hippocratic. I said it distinctly. Anything wrong with your ears?

UNITY: Well, there's that Poe bit—that ringing—those bells—those other voices, other rumors.

ORGAN: I see. Hmm. Fenestration, both sides. Radial mastoideotomy. (Smiling brightly) My! My! This does add up! You got Blue Cross?

UNITY: I got Blue Cross, Latin cross, tau cross, St. Andrew's cross, Iona cross and Maltese cross.

ORGAN: I understand all you cats have the Maltese cross. Maltese. Cats. Get it?

UNITY: Hardy har har har!

ORGAN: Thanks. Any trouble with your ovaries?

UNITY: Nope.

ORGAN: Sure?

UNITY: Sure, I'm sure. I don't have any.

ORGAN: Too bad. Well, we'll fix you up with a nice cholecystectomy. You need it.

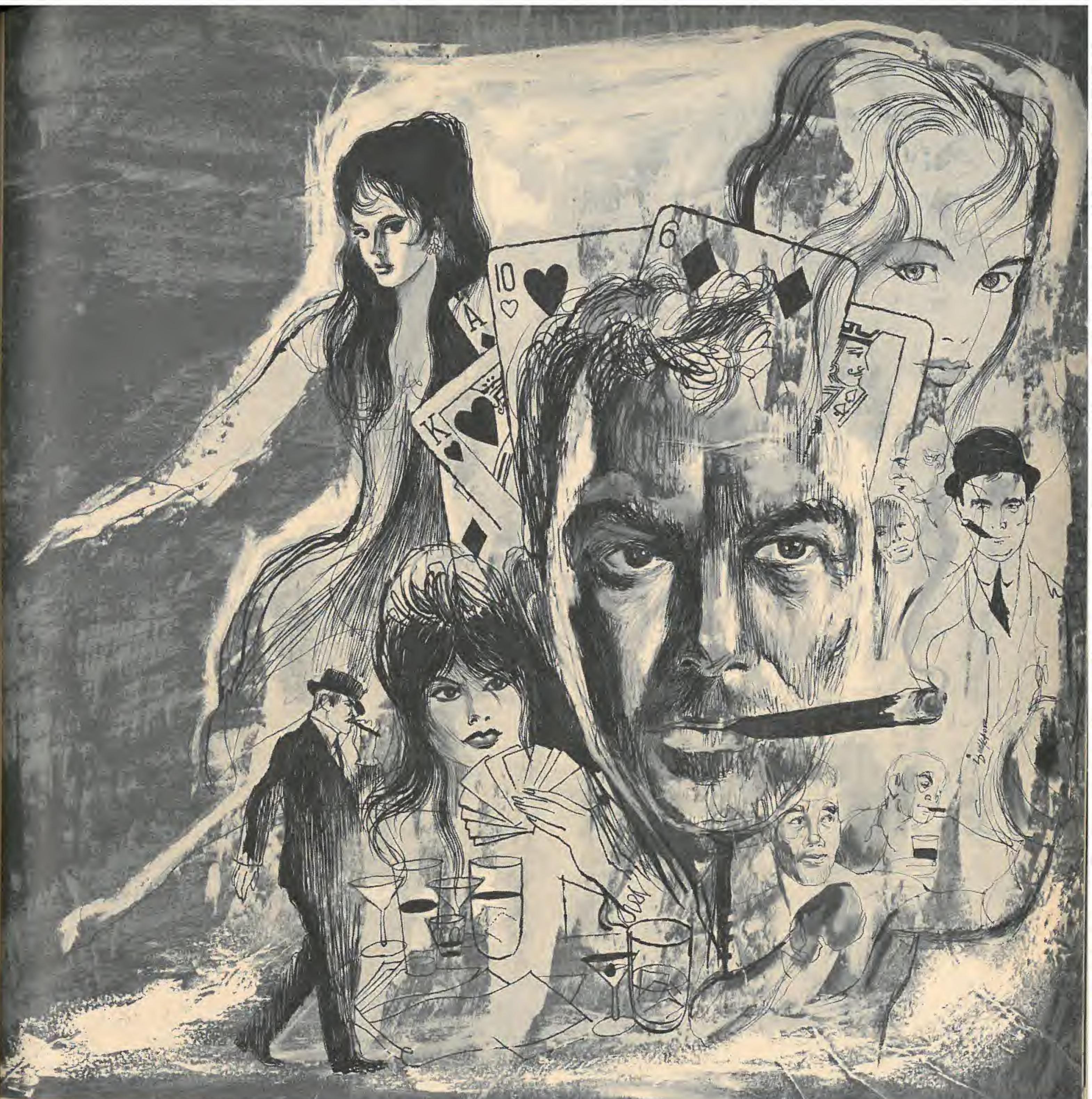
UNITY: Won't a cholecystotomy do?

ORGAN: Look, cookie. I call the shots in the office.

UNITY: O.K., O.K. How come I need one?

ORGAN: Well, you're nervous, you take off your clothes in public places and you overindulge in Mother Gins-

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TREAT A LADY LIKE A STREET WALKER

. . . and a streetwalker like a lady, was his advice. And it worked!

MEN'S PROFILE Don MacClure

"The laughing crook" they called him. He was the smiling genius who specialized in raising money by dubious means and who looked upon laws, rules and regulations as trivial things designed for other people, never for him.

Wilson Mizner was king of the

quip and a master charlatan. He could do anything and do it well—especially if there was a good looking woman or some money involved.

Born in Benicia, California, in 1876, "Willie," as his family called him, was the youngest of seven children. When he was thirteen, his

father, a diplomat, was appointed minister to five Central American republics, with headquarters in Guatemala. When he discovered that, by international agreement, no member of a foreign diplomat's family could be arrested for anything short of murder, Willie made the most of it. In fact he lived the rest of his life as though he thought the amnesty ruling still applied.

He turned his attention to many things—prospecting for suckers in Alaska, managing a prize fight champ, taking chumps on transatlantic liners as a cardsharp, operating a hostelry for malefactors, managing the Brown Derby Restaurant in Hollywood, writing movie scenarios and Broadway plays and selling underwater real estate to wealthy boobs during the Florida land boom.

While Willie made suckers out of practically everybody, he swindled his victims partly to get a laugh and at the same time made more money for himself.

Most professional crooks would consider it impossible to fix a ship's sweepstake. Willie proved that it was easy.

Big ocean liners hold sweeps on the ship's daily mileage. Each passenger buys a ticket bearing a number and if it tallies with the number of miles traveled by the ship, the passenger collects the kitty.

Willie's technique was to stand outside the door of the navigation officer's cabin and announce in a loud voice the number he had drawn. In an even louder voice he would add: "You know what I'd do to show my gratitude if I won? By golly, I'd stick one thousand dollars under the officers pillow."

He did win. And without fail one thousand dollars turned up under the officers pillow.

On one ship he worked this trick three times and won every time. He was about to try it for the fourth time when a voice from within the cabin growled: "Beat it. I'm 400 miles off course now!"

During a Yukon gold rush in 1897, Willie became a gold dust weigher at Swiftwater Bill Gates's saloon and gambling emporium. Weighers were in charge of the scales when miners, fresh from the diggings, wanted to exchange raw gold for gambling chips, credit at the bar or women.

Every weigher in the Yukon had his system of robbing the creek bed farmers, whose main concern was to

get their hands on something spendable and paint the town a glorious red.

Some weighers would keep their hands moist so that a little of the gold dust would stick to their fingers during the weighing, to be rubbed off inside their pockets. Others put a few drops of molasses in their hair and ran their fingers through it.

Willie's method, however, was the most ingenious of all. He had a thick piece of carpet under his scales and he managed to spill just a little dust every time a miner came in for the weighing. Later he burned the carpet and melted down the gold, which was easily separated from the ashes by its weight. He told his friends that he never came out with less than 2,500 dollars profit on each carpet.

Once, in Atlantic City, Mizner was drinking with a bunch of his hard-betting pals when he noticed a huge pair of feet sticking out of an upstairs hotel window. They all guessed how tall the owner of the feet was and backed their guesses with bets totaling ten thousand dollars.

Mizner's pals guessed that the man must be well over six feet, but Mizner, himself, said he would bet on five feet one.

They went over to the hotel and confronted the owner of the big feet. He turned out to be a near dwarf, wearing size 11 shoes! Mizner's guess was the nearest and so he collected all around. He had brought the little man from New York for the sole purpose of tricking his friends.

By the time Willie was fifteen, he had been expelled from various schools, and finally his family sent him to Santa Clara College, which prided itself on handling tough young punks like himself. But Santa Clara just couldn't keep Willie down.

He heated a cannon ball on a shovel in the fire and sent it bowling along the school corridor, knowing very well that one of the masters would come running out and pick it up. One did, and Willie got what he wanted—the boot.

In New York at the age of twenty-nine, Willie happened to be penniless—a somewhat rare occurrence in his lush, extravagant life of making easy money. He corrected the situation by marrying, with the greatest of ease, a widow who was worth eight million dollars. Arguments about money inevitably followed. The union lasted exactly three weeks, but Willie crowded a lot of rib-tickling drama into those twenty-one days.

He told his wife that the best people in the right circles made it a habit of presenting diamond cuff links to ambassadors who came to dinner. Then he dressed up a bartender as an ambassador and introduced him that night at dinner, collecting the cuff links afterward.

Willie had always been interested in prize fighters and now that his wife had the financial means to pamper his whims in this direction, he blithely turned one of the wings of the million dollar, four-story Fifth Avenue mansion which she owned into a training camp for fighters.

When Addison, his brother, dropped in on the newly weds, he found Willie reclining on silken pillows in a bed big enough to hold most of the chorus of a Broadway show. Johnny Bray, an old bartender friend, was adding zest to the honeymoon by being a permanent fixture in the boudoir with orders to mix silver fizz.

Married life was difficult for Willie. After one of his rows with his wife, she waylaid him in a hotel and contemptuously pelted him with dollar bills.

"The greatest humiliation I ever underwent was picking them up," he said afterward.

On another occasion, his wife ran into him while he still had a blonde on one arm and a redhead on the other. She took a wad of one hundred dollar bills from her purse and slapped him across the face with it. Several of the bills came loose and dropped to the floor and Willie dropped after them.

"I should have been quicker," he said later. "There was a good ten grand in that wad."

One night during his "captivity," as he put it, a cop caught him sneaking down the back steps with a bag full of his wife's jewels. "It is unpleasant," he told the cop, "to be stopped by the police when you are walking out of your own house with a bag full of rocks."

After the wealthy widow divorced him, Willie ran a hotel. It had only two rules: "No opium smoking in the elevators" and "Guests must carry out their own dead."

The Rand Hotel, as he called it, was located on 49th Street in New York. "The guests," boasted Willie, "are, conservatively, 80 per cent women."

And, to prove it, he went to the whimsical length of warning his friends never to walk on the sidewalk immediately beneath the windows of

his hotel. "It's dangerous," he would say. "The girls throw the keys to their rooms down to their boy friends. You're likely to get brained."

Willie's philosophy on how to be popular with women had the ribald ring of truth. "Treat a whore like a lady," he would say.

When he took over Stanley Ketchel, the middleweight champ, he knew exactly what he was doing, for Ketchel is still considered by many as the greatest natural fighter who ever lived.

But Stanley, under Willie's tuition, turned out to be almost as big a playboy as his mentor. One night Mizner found him lying in bed smoking opium with a blonde and a brunette. Looking the situation over, Willie threw his hat onto a chair, shrugged and said, "Move over."

Ketchel was ultra-sensitive about his dear old mother back in Poland

and Willie used this to make him fighting mad. Often when he had arranged a match, Ketchel would still be in the throes of a hangover two hours before the fight was to begin.

"I don't want to fight that guy," Ketchel would say. "What have I got against him? What did he do to me?"

Willie stared at him with surprise. "You mean you don't know?" he would ask.

"Know what?"

"The things he said about your dear old mother this morning. He described her with a four-letter word and yourself with one containing seven letters."

After a careful explanation to the prize fighter about what all this implied, Ketchel would go roaring into the ring and, like a superbly trained bull with boxing gloves, slaughter his innocent opponent. And Willie collected 75 per cent of the take under the terms of his contract with the

"Michigan Assassin," as he billed Stanley.

In November, 1910, the great Ketchel was shot dead in a fight over a woman. Mizner was really sorry, but that didn't stop him from wise-cracking. He went to a cable office and sent this message to a Broadway crony: START COUNTING OVER HIM AND HE'LL GET UP.

In 1933 he received word that his brother, Addison, was dying. It so happened that, at the time, Willie had become a script-writer in Hollywood and he couldn't resist a quip. STOP DYING, he wired back, AM TRYING TO WRITE A COMEDY.

A few weeks later, at the age of fifty-eight, he died of a heart attack in Warner's studio. But even on his deathbed "the laughing crook" was still cracking jokes.



"I didn't mind playing Lady Godiva, but the producer wanted me to wear an upsweep hairdo."

HALFAMAN...

is better than none, she thought...

Brown breasts heaving in the soft silver tropical night, while he chants, "Thy throat is as a tower in Lebanon, thy breasts like unto a cluster of pomegranates," and while he chants, he grins to himself because she cannot understand the words, nor know their source, but she can tell and does know what the tone of his voice means.

There is for him a special spur in using the words of the "Song of Solo-

mon" to the girl from the Solomon Islands.

When you've lost almost everything, there comes a time when even very small things loom large. And he'd lost almost all there was to lose. First had gone the big things, the big words like honor and self-respect arrogance and pride. Then he'd lost the smaller things like integrity and hope.

(turn over)

Now he was that which he was. Now he was content, or almost content, with palm wine and some food that he scrounged somehow. Palm wine, food and Uvala. They were all he had left out of the high hopes with which he'd shipped out of Frisco.

You couldn't even say he was on the beach, because being on the beach would mean that he would be seen, and if seen by the authorities, recognized, and if recognized, jailed.

He was on the jungle if there is such a phrase.

And the worst of it was he had known that first day when he saw her walk past him, when he saw the high breasts and the slender waist, the golden brown skin and the long, long legs, he had known that it would be worth anything to possess her.

Uvala.

She had become the beginning and the end to him. The reason the sun rose in the morning and set at night. The only reason to continue to hold onto life. The only thing to cling to, for only when she lay in his arms could he remember that he had been a man, once. A white man, if that meant anything.

She was fourteen when he first knew her. She was seventeen now, and of the intervening years all he could remember was that somehow, somewhere, he had let go of all the things that had made him a man.

He had his hut, and the thatched roof kept out the monsoon rain, or almost all of it, and if the rain did machine gun down through the dying leaves, what of it? You dried off sooner or later...

The ragged cloth that he wrapped around his loins was enough to clothe him, and for food he begged, for wine he stole, and for love he had Uvala.

Lying next to her, in the velvet quiet of the night, he took stock of himself, and was content.

She was breathing as heavily as he, but soon her lungs were restored to their more normal function, her lips were no longer swollen, and for the first time in an hour she became aware of the grit beneath her naked body. She stirred.

He rose, and rising, helped her to her feet. She looked about her, past the fronds, the omnipresent ragged foliage and said, "I go." Nodding, he watched her don her single garment and, as was his wont, fantasized what she would look like dressed as a white woman. He could see her rolling stockings up those long, slim legs,

fastening them to some complicated garter belt. Her bosom encompassed in a brassiere that could not do more for her than youth had already done, and then a dress, a sophisticated dress that would compliment her skin tone, that would make her barbaric face more barbaric still.

The fantasy served its usual function, and so still another hour passed before he would let her go back to the village. She complained, but just as he got a little extra titillation from reciting poetry to her that she could not understand, he got a little extra pleasure from her desire to leave him, from the knowledge that if he kept her much later, there would be hell to pay.

When they rose this time, he pressed his face into the darkness of her hair and kissing her said, "Tomorrow night?"

She nodded and then ran from him as though the jungle demons were after her.

Yawning, he prepared to enter his hut. One of these nights she would not be able to get back into her father's hut in time and then the villagers would be after him in full force. But at the moment that did not seem very important.

She had not been gone more than five minutes, ten at the most, when he discovered that she had left her wrap-around behind her. He had come out of his hut to pluck some fruit before he went to sleep, and there on the matted leaves he found the cloth.

Grunting with annoyance, he picked it up and followed the narrow path through the palm trees. Panicked she might be, but not so panicky that she would dare enter her home naked. The missionaries in the long ago had made sure that the natives could never feel at ease without some covering.

Positive that he would meet her coming back, he did not even hurry. And because he was not hurrying his progress was silent. The decaying vegetation underfoot made his footfalls as quiet as a cat's on plush.

A low hanging branch flicked across his face, and he paused to press it back out of his way. The moon made the scene in front of him as clear as daylight.

Stock-still he stood and watched.

So it was not fear of her father, as she had always claimed, that drove her from his arms, that made her hurry from him.

Hot from his embrace she had hurried to this...

Sickly, he watched and, while he watched, woven through what he was seeing he saw the girl he'd left back in the States, the girl whose letters he'd never answered, and the business that he had let fall from his grasp, life dribble away from him.

Uvala had hurried from him to... to "Halfaman." For that was what the islanders had dubbed the little monster. With a head bigger than a normal man's, with a torso as long as a normal man's, "Halfaman" was a dwarf, a native with wrinkled little legs, preposterously short arms, and stunted little hands like a six-year-old's.

She screamed when she opened her eyes and saw the onlooker. "Halfaman" was thrown to one side as she rose to her feet and ran screaming through the night. His tiny right hand went to the short, ugly knife he always wore at his waist.

Anger choked the white man and he was glad when the little dwarf came for him with the wicked tip of the knife cutting through the air in front of him. With half his attention the white man was aware that Uvala had raced across the narrow band of sand and was getting into a canoe that was pushed up on the beach.

All that the white man knew was that he had to kill "Halfaman" fast, so that he could get to the girl and strangle her before she got away in the light native craft.

Once away from him, she could go deeper and deeper into the jungle to some outlying village where he could never find her, never reward her with death.

The knife was close now, the tip dug a warning rip across his stomach, and then his hands closed around "Halfaman's" waist and he picked up the little dwarf and swung him around his head. The dwarf screamed, and the knife fell from his hand. The white man dropped the dwarf, who scrabbled at his feet mouthing words in the native dialect that might have been anything, a plea, or a series of curses.

Grabbing the dwarf by his absurdly small ankles, the white man whirled him around in the air and beat his brains out against the bole of a nearby tree.

The sound was not much different from a breaking coconut.

He picked up the discarded knife. Dropping the bleeding-headed corpse, the white man charged across the

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THE METHOD

(continued from page 10)

is out of character. This involves a process which Stanislavski's followers call finding a justification for whatever the needs of a scene may demand.

Let us assume that she likes high-minded, moral young men. You, of course, become one. But you can't keep this up too long—that is, if you want any action. You are faced with a quandary. What do you do? You justify.

"I have always been a high-minded, moral young man," you say, or words to this effect. "But now I am losing all self-control!" This, you see, makes sense. Even the most high-minded must break sometime. And most women are utterly delighted to be the ones who break them.

If you've done this once, you'll find that it becomes much easier the second time. You can be high-minded and pure over and over again, each time more convincingly.

The idea is to develop your imagination. This is an important tool for any artist and is, as Stanislavski says, one of the prime pieces of equipment through which an actor creates a true-to-life character.

At the same time, the famous theorist did not mean to suggest that imagination should be allowed a completely free rein. One of his major points was what he termed "concentration of attention." This must not wander, but must be specifically focused on whatever is the most vital area to you.

If, to go back to an earlier example, your aim is to move your arm from here to there, your attention should be concentrated on that problem even though your conversation is focused on the possibility of life on Venus.

One of the most talked about aspects of the Methodmen are their "improvisations" or training exercises which will help a man prepare for the real thing.

The technique of improvisation is to build up a short scene and carry it out logically, making up words and actions as you go along. Method actors often follow this routine in order to work out the background of a scene, and so can you.

Let us say you have decided to present yourself as a sophisticated man about town who lunches with archdukes and dines with countesses as a matter of course. Make up a little scene in which you pretend to have

lunch with an archduke. Go through the motions of meeting him, ordering your food and talking to him. Then when you casually describe the meeting to her, you'll be able to make it sound that much more realistic.

Of course, in a larger sense, whenever you use the Method as a girl catching device, you are improvising all the time. Or, at least, if you are following a script, you hope that she isn't. This is another good reason for practicing your improvisations at home. It will set the mood you wish to follow, and help you get right to the point.

A special form of improvisation is known to Stanislavski men as the animal exercise. In it, a man tries to act like different kinds of animals. He may be sly and fox-like, for example, dangerous and panther-like or slippery and eel-like.

This particular exercise is admirably suited for getting you into your role. If the young lady seems to admire heroics, you may want to practice acting like a lion. You walk like a lion, roar like a lion and think like a lion. On other occasions it may be more appropriate to be a wolf, or even a rabbit.

Whatever animal exercises you select, however, be careful not to lose yourself in the role. A girl may look at you somewhat askance should you bay at the moon or hiss like a snake. In fact, I have often wondered if some of the excesses of several of the more famous Method actors were not due to an overuse of the animal exercise. Long hours spent at being

a gorilla might well account for the sort of grunts and scratches I have noticed in certain movies and stage plays. As in any discipline, one must beware of overtraining.

As I'm sure you've realized by now, the basic aim of the Stanislavski Method is to promote the feeling of reality and truth. A Method lover, like a Method actor, never acts a part—he is the part.

By using the Method correctly, you can convince yourself that whatever you say and do is true. And that, as several sages have already pointed out, is the first step in convincing others.

So figure out your inner action: the steps, the beats, the problems of each separate scene you plan. Reach into your memory for a truthful correlative to the emotion you and your companion need to feel. And use that truth wisely and control it with artistry. Remember that it is the role you play which is important, not your own personality—which, if revealed, might even louse up your entire evening.

So you see, the Method can be useful off the stage as well as on. The British need not be the only ones to uncover fields for its application.

As for further areas, I will not go into any now except to suggest that interested parties get in touch with me. I plan some research in using the Method approach to playing the stock market and am interested in volunteers with plenty of cash.



"Tanya, what have I told you about playing with your food?"

BACHELOR IN THE BATH

(continued from page 29)

way) because they need little or no polishing, and always look neat and shiny. If you can't splurge in that respect, at least get copper tubes when you're building your Bath Palace. All other metals will rust eventually. Researchers for Chase Brass & Copper Company of Connecticut report that brass pipes used in Egyptian bathrooms 5,000 years ago are still in good condition.

For wall tiles, starfish or seashore designs are appropriate. You may, however, wish to use something nearer to your heart, say, profiles (all the way down) of MM or BB.

A California woman sued for divorce when she caught her pilot husband taking a shower with an airline hostess.

In Tibet, folks take an annual bath in rancid butter to drive out the demons. Male members of Arab tribes who took baths fairly regularly used to be exempt from paying taxes to their chieftains. And in the Middle Ages, damsels weren't expected to continue bathing regularly once they got married.

A Pennsylvania woman complained that her husband was in the habit of bringing his friends into the bathroom when she was in the tub.

When Robert Q. Lewis heard about the new sofa-bathtub, he remarked: "I can just hear a young man tell his girl, 'Well, if you're not going to neck, I might as well take a bath.'"

Architect Morris Lapidus once designed a gold, walnut and marble bathroom for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, which caused her husband to complain: "Remember, I'm only a Vanderbilt, not a Rockefeller!"

A Coalgate, Oklahoma, man has patented a device that makes scrubbing the tub obsolete. It consists of a machine that automatically erases the ring by its intricate arrangement of trackways, pulleys, shafts, clutches, pipes, electric motor and bucket. The owner pulls the machinery out of a recess in the wall and lowers it until the bucket is in the tub. He then turns on the water under pressure and releases a quantity of detergent. When he switches on the motor and throws a clutch, the bucket travels back and forth in the tub while the flailing cords do the cleaning.

A Boston brush salesman once tried to explain how a shower bath brush attached to the hot water faucet would cause a fine stream of ener-

gizing water to flow through the bristle onto the body. Keeping up a patter of conversation, he told the housewife, "Note the sanitary construction. It can safely be used by several members of the family. In fact, you and your husband could both use it." The woman blushed and replied: "Our tub isn't big enough for two."

In the Middle Ages, wealthy people spent the whole day in the bath, as a refuge from leg and back fatigue. Wooden planks were laid across pool-shaped tubs, and elaborate banquets were served to the bathers. This saved on table linen, too, since the diner could splash his hands in the bath rather than dirty a napkin.

If you're a certain type, the Finnish SAUNA may be your dish. After a thorough steaming, pretty Helsinki maidens gently make your body tingle with their birch twigs.

The only time a bachelor in Merry Old England had a chance to get a good hot bath was when he was inducted into knighthood. Young warriors were called "Knights of the Bath" in honor of the long ceremony in which they were bathed in a linen lined tub (while noble damsels watched, with interest).

During the Reformation and Counter Reformation, a guy couldn't even get his feet wet. Nakedness was regarded as a sin, and nakedness and bathing were considered synonymous. Naturally, the Art of Bathing almost perished.

The ribald Roman, of course, perfected the bath as a social institution. Young men of Rome made business deals at the bathhouse, artists discussed new theories, others merely listened to music or had themselves rubbed by beautiful slaves. (Their girl friends modestly stayed home, bathed in donkeys' milk or a concoction of "20 lbs. of crushed strawberries, 2 lbs. crushed raspberries." (Even in those days, the latter were more expensive than the former. Just check your nearest Frozen Food Dept.)

'Tis said that the reason Rome fell was that Rome's young men spent too much time in their baths. (They probably were softened to death.)

The Greeks, body worshipers though they were, were fond of a home-style tub shaped like a modern bird bath. They loved to eat and drink while bathing. (If you feel like a soak to stop body fatigue, drink a glass of water before stepping into the tub. It'll aid perspiration.)

Don't think that you can "swim yourself clean." A real cleansing requires soap as well as water.

If you want to work while soaking, get a special bath pillow and a tray which will hold your papers and typewriter.

A popular accessory is a bath mat made of falsie pads. It'll make your tootsies tingle. Stores like NYC's Bar Mart can supply you.

If you're a real cad, you may wish to acquire one of those heart shaped tubs, suitable for double occupancy.

If the Turkish bath is your dish, pay homage to an English diplomat named David Urquhart. He gave it its name and built the first one in London in 1860. Incidentally, in the British capital these things are open day and night! Imagine if he'd selfishly called it The Urquhart Bath!

People who collect data on that sort of thing report that bookies spend more time in Turkish baths than anybody.

Few gray flanneled commuters know that NYC's Penn Station is a replica of the famed Caracalla thermae in Rome, which provided bathing facilities for some 3,000 gents.

Midget or pygmy bachelors can simply crawl into one of those new portable AMI washing machines that weigh only nine lbs.

If you need appropriate playthings while taking the plunge, take a gander at Monogram or Revell's catalogue of seaworthy toys. If you're too mature for that sort of thing, call the nearest model agency. (They'll probably tell you, "No soap.")

A San Francisco woman, with a strong civic conscience, happened to be taking a bath with a dashing bachelor-type when a raiding party (sent by her nasty old spouse) arrived to pick up a thing or two for a divorce action. The gal's defense was eloquent and forthright: "We wanted to conserve water," she said, without a blush. "There'd been an electric failure and there wasn't enough hot water to go around." Of course, when she repeated this plausible tale in court, the judge didn't go for it.

If you prefer to douse yourself with something other than water, follow the example of the upstate bachelor who, during a water shortage in New York, used blackberry wine and later claimed it as a deduction on his taxes. Said he was a real patriot, that guy.



40

HI-LIFE

YOUR FAIR LADY...

Suppose the Higgins in G. B. Shaw's Pygmalion had been Terry, instead of Henry . . . that would have meant a switch in the plot . . .

Imagine if the professor of linguistics in My Fair Lady had been performed by this lissome lassie . . .

There'd have been no doubt she was the fairest of fair ladies. As a matter of fact, in any company and in any plot, Miss Terry Higgins would be sure to come out ahead as one of the fairest of the fair.

A dancer in Vegas, Miss Higgins at twenty-one is the proud possessor of many attributes that should ensure her getting ahead, but fast, in show business.

When have you ever seen a girl with a physique like





hers? Rarely, if ever, but in dreams . . . As a matter of fact, rarely has *Hi-Life*, which prides itself on the ladies it presents been honored by so glorious a girl, one who is so radiantly female . . .

But let's get back to our imagining . . . Suppose that the Shavian play had involved Terry Higgins as the voice teacher. This would have meant that the cockney would have had to be played by a man . . . Who could, of course, have been played by Sexy Rexy . . .

What a combination that would have made . . . the play would have run for a decade instead of just four or five years . . .

But perhaps it's just as well the old vegetarian wrote it the way he did . . . we're not sure Broadway is ready for such strong fare . . .

In the meanwhile, Miss Higgins is happy as a clam at high tide working the night



through in Vegas and sunning her beautiful pores in the desert sun all day. Of course, she sleeps once in a while, but in wakeful Vegas, sleep is a commodity that's hard to come by, much harder than money or beautiful women, as a matter of honest down to earth fact.

But even in that haven for beautiful women . . . Terry Higgins' glorious looks shine forth like the proverbial





good deed in an evil world.

As a matter of fact in any convocation of beauty, Terry would be sure to be a front-runner . . .

Whether swathed in furs as befits her, or stripped to her taut pelt, Terry is sure to be any man's delight. Photographers who have been lucky enough to

work with her have a tendency to walk around for days afterward with a dazed look in their eyes and steamed up lenses in their overworked cameras.

Her measurements?

Who would dare attempt to tape measure the Higgins body beautiful?

So you'll have to rely on



your eye . . . you'll get no help here. It's every man for himself . . .

And as a matter of fact, when you get right down to it, what can cold figures tell you that would do anything but gild this most beautiful of lillies?

It's enough that Terry Higgins is a girl, all girl, and that she does exist. It's enough to make a man glad he's a man . . . and what else do you need?



HI-LIFE

PAY THE FRONT LINE

(continued from page 8)

gambler, too, and that the bloody game was just fine as far as she was concerned.

"Same shooter coming out . . . Please place all bets . . ."

Oh, sweet little man, Casey said to himself; sweet, little doll man, now is really the time to start your luck going.

Then the dice bounced over against the wall on his side of the table and his heart seemed to stop when they showed up a six and a five and he had another grand.

"Yo-leven!" the stickman called out. "Pay the front line."

Casey felt a deep hard sense of power when he saw the blonde's escort take four five hundred dollar bills from his wallet and exchange them for chips. And that's what it was all about, he told himself. Just winning because it all belongs to the winner. Your number comes up and you own the whole damn beautiful world. You crap out and nobody knows you.

Now the table was like Times Square on New Year's Eve. All of the other tables in the casino were empty. Even the old ladies from the slots were trying to push in to see what all the excitement was about. The little man in the vest had his chips in toppling piles, since the table rack in front of him was already filled. He was sweating and his smile became wider every time more chips were pushed over to him.

Little man, you're a sweetheart, Casey thought, watching him bend over and whisper to the dice. And he thought, then: What if the damned cubes really do know what the hell he's saying. Wouldn't that be a choice bit—the sucker who could talk to the dice. When he got back to L.A., maybe he'd call up Jake Keeler, who was a screen writer at MGM. He would tell Jake about the little man—the sucker who could talk to the dice—and maybe they would even make an "A" picture out of it. He laughed at the crazy way his mind was working now.

He won three more grand on the little man's roll and the man across the table had to buy more chips, and when the blonde looked over at Casey, he was not sure whether she was smiling or not, but she sure as hell looked willing and that was enough for him just now.

Then the little man sevend out after rolling a string of twelve numbers in a row that had the house paying nearly everyone. When he saw the five and the two turn up on the green felt, a look of relief appeared on his round, sweating face as he stuffed the chips he had won down into all his pockets. Casey was glad to see him getting out a winner.

As he pushed through the crowd, they looked at him like he was a screen star or other celebrity, but the little man ignored this. He walked carefully, a big nervous smile on his face, as if he were afraid his pockets might split open and let all his chips go rolling wildly about the floor, under tables and between legs where he would never be able to find them. Never in a million years.

The dice were pushed over to the tall man and Casey knew that this would be it. They would settle it now. He had seven grand, more money than he had ever had at one time in his life. He could quit now and go back to L.A. and live a roaring time for the rest of the summer and maybe even through the fall and winter. But he was not going to quit. He knew that; because he had not really won yet. The money was not enough. He was playing for more than dollars now.

So many times he had stood at these same tables and it had always been only the money and he had thought that to be enough. But now, it was different. It was not just the blonde, either. It was something she stood for inside him, something that made angels or devils out of the dice, something that would not let him stop, no matter how many times he lost. She was merely there trying to tell him why he *had* to win.

Very simply, he told himself that the way his luck was going, he would be a damn fool to pull out now.

The other man selected two of the dice that had been offered him. The stickman drew the others back. The shooter put a grand down to make his number and Casey shoved out his grand against him.

As the tall man took up the dice, he nodded at Casey and Casey smiled. Without bothering to shake the dice up in his hand, he threw them out across the long length of the green table. They hit the end hard and bounced back nearly halfway and there was a four and a three.

Casey saw his money raked over to the tall man's side of the table. The

blonde said something to the man and he let the two grand ride, waiting to watch Casey push out two grand against him. Casey saw the stickman turn to ask one of the pit bosses something. The pit boss leaned over to see what was on the table. Then he nodded yes to the stickman and Casey figured it had something to do with house limits. The pit boss remained standing behind the stickman; he was a tight, neat man who looked a little like a cashier in a bank, a conservative but expensive appearance to his clothes.

Now the crowd had become aware of the battle that was being fought between the two men. There were elegant women in evening clothes and dowdy little old ladies with large cloth purses to hold their anticipated slot machine winnings. There were men who looked as if they might have been movie stars, and there were others who were undoubtedly mechanics and clerks and grocers and lawyers and bus drivers and bookmakers and dreamers, who looked as if they had already pawned even their dreams.

The betting on the table was light. It had the generally accepted aura of a private contest now.

The tall man took up the dice. He glanced briefly at the blonde, then turned and let the cubes go in the same way. This time he turned up a six and a three.

"Point is nine . . . place your bets, please . . ."

He threw a five and a ten and a five once more and then a four and then the dice showed nine.

Again, Casey's money was pushed over to the other man, who picked up two grand and left two to ride.

Not even thinking now, Casey pushed out his two grand. It was time to get out, he told himself. It was sure as hell time to get out. Go home. Go jump in the swimming pool. Go climb a palm tree. Go hide under a bed. Or go get arrested and spend the night in jail. But get out. Get out any way you know how. But he stood there. He looked at the girl and he still couldn't be sure whether or not she was smiling at him; her mouth had that funny half-opened look to it that could very well have been a smile.

The tall man rolled eleven. A gasp sounded from the crowd. There was an excited wave of murmuring voices all around him.

Casey looked down at the two grand he had left.

The dice were pushed back to the tall man. He had two grand out on the table. And then, instead of shooting when Casey had put his last two grand down, the man reached out toward Casey, and it was a few minutes before Casey realized that the tall man was offering him the dice.

He waited a moment. Now there was almost a complete silence. He couldn't understand why the tall man was offering him the dice. They were hot dice. You do not give away hot dice. If you want to be a gentleman, you play tennis or polo or you buy a stable of horses or you sit in Wall Street wearing a Harvard tie, but you do not come to the crap tables of Vegas and give away hot dice.

But then you do not argue with a sucker, Casey thought, and he reached out to take the hot little cubes. Then the two men switched their bets.

Casey cupped both his hands around the dice. He could feel them, warm and hard, and he wanted to talk to them the way the little man in the vest had, because maybe the little things would listen to him.

But he took one look at the blonde and then at her escort, who was watching him with a faint smile around the edges of his mouth, and without even turning to watch the dice go, Casey threw out across the layout.

They bounced back hard and he saw a five and a four and he felt the smile break on his face because nine was an easy number. Nine was a number he could make with his hands tied behind him. Nine was a sweet little number, he told himself.

The dice were pushed back to him. He could hear the stickman's voice without understanding the words. His mind was only on the sweet number nine that would bring it all back, and then he would never stop and the beautiful blonde would come away on his arm and the night with her would be better than a hundred nights and it would go on and . . .

He threw a five this time. Then a ten and two sixes to make twelve and a four and an eight.

Casey paused. He would hit this and let it ride and that would make eight grand. Then he would make another two and one more two to make twelve, and that would be it. She'd come with him then. They did not have to stay at it all night.

He could feel the dice sliding out of his hand and, somehow, without even having to look at them, he knew he had thrown a seven and he saw

the stickman push his money over to the other side of the table. And he was busted.

He looked across at the tall man and he tipped his finger to his forehead in a way of saying, O.K., Mister, that's it, best man won.

He turned from the table without looking at the blonde again. He walked slowly through the casino. The dull glitter of the overhead lights moved across his eyes like painted shadows. The huge room was like what all the finished basements in hell would probably look like, he thought.

He walked past the twenty-one tables, down a row of shining slots. He heard one pay off in a ringing shower of coins and a woman cried out in a hysterical, half-laughing voice, "I won! I won!" And then he was outside. He paused near the pool with blue lights and clear water.

He was going back to his room, pack his bag and start back to L.A. But he decided to sit out there for a while. He stretched out in a yellow lounge chair, thinking.

He thought, nobody is smart. Nobody in the whole lousy world is smart. Of all things to be known, this is most true, he told himself. There's a pair of dice rattling around somewhere inside of every man and there are just too damned many losers in a world that has been made only for winners.

"It was very exciting." He heard a woman's voice softly saying this beside him.

He was almost afraid to turn and see who it was. And when he saw her seated on the chaise next to his, he could hardly believe his eyes. Close up this way she was even more beautiful than he had thought her to be at the table. Or maybe it was only the sound of her voice or her being close or just maybe that he could reach out to touch her that made her more believable here and, so, more beautiful.

"I'm afraid it took me a little while before I realized just what you were trying to do," she said. She had the sort of voice that comes out of the best schools in the east.

Casey just smiled at her.

"I mean, when that little old man had the dice," she added. "I didn't quite expect it then."

"It's a game," Casey said. "Sometimes you win, and sometimes you lose."

"And you lost me, did you?"

"You were there," Casey said. He felt easy, relaxed; he had nothing more to lose and when he thought of it that way, it was a very good feeling.

The blonde smiled and then the smile opened into a quiet kind of laughter. Finally she said, "It's really quite funny, I suppose, I mean about me. But we can talk about that later. How about a drink?"

"Me," Casey said, "I've got enough gas in the car to get me back to L.A., and my bill is paid and that's about it."

"Drinks are on me," the blonde said.

"I don't usually . . ."

"He was playing with my money," she cut into what he had started to say. "And I won over sixteen thousand, so I think I can afford to buy you a drink or two. Now come along." She stood up and languidly held out her hand.

Casey could not really believe it was happening, but, then, Vegas is not a place where you are supposed to believe anything at all. It just happens and you let it happen.

"I have a place just a few miles outside of town," she told him. He looked up at her.

"It's really a very nice place," she told him, smiling.

Casey returned the smile and said, "Never argue with a lady when you're far from home. That's an old Arab proverb."

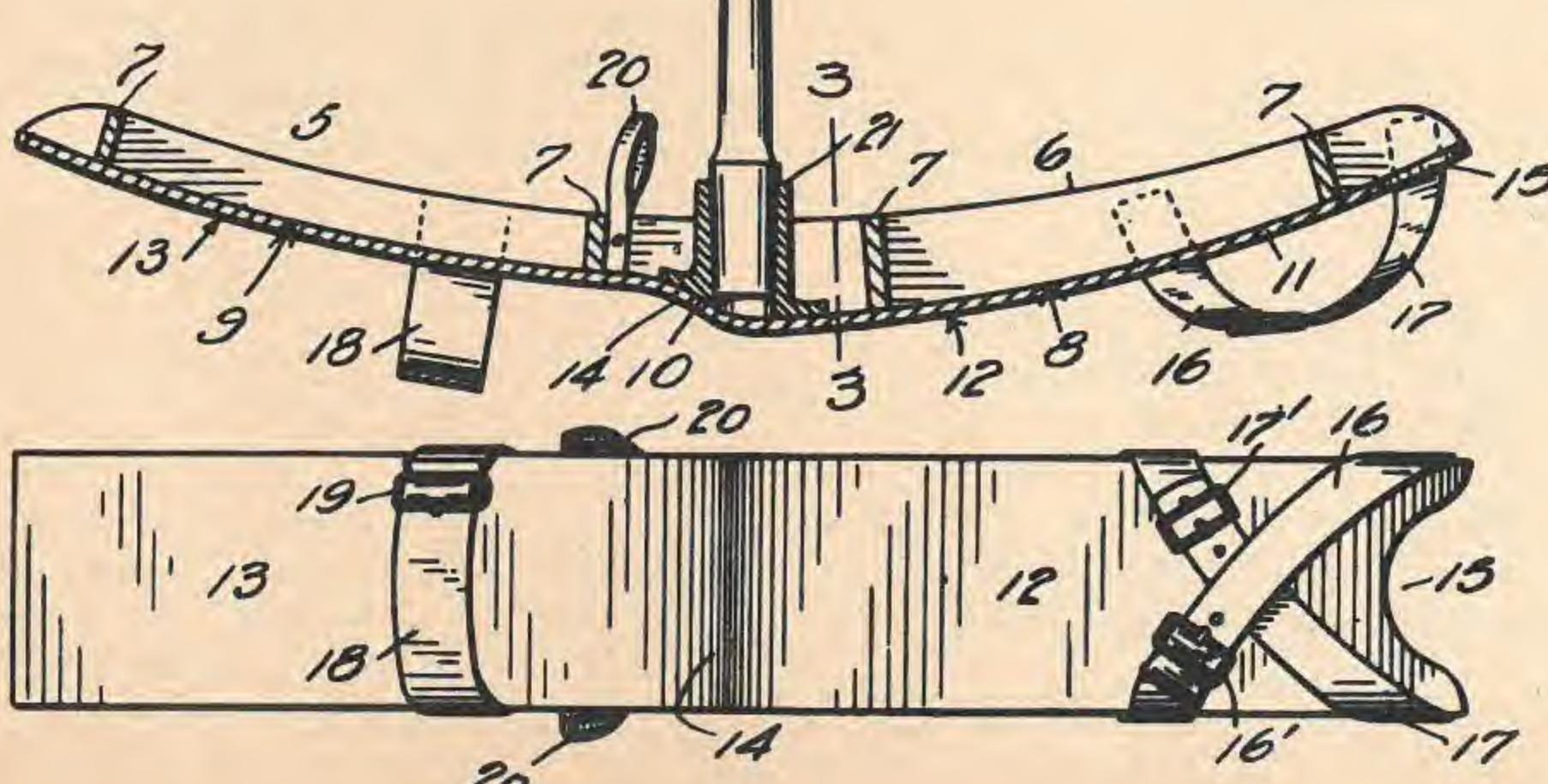
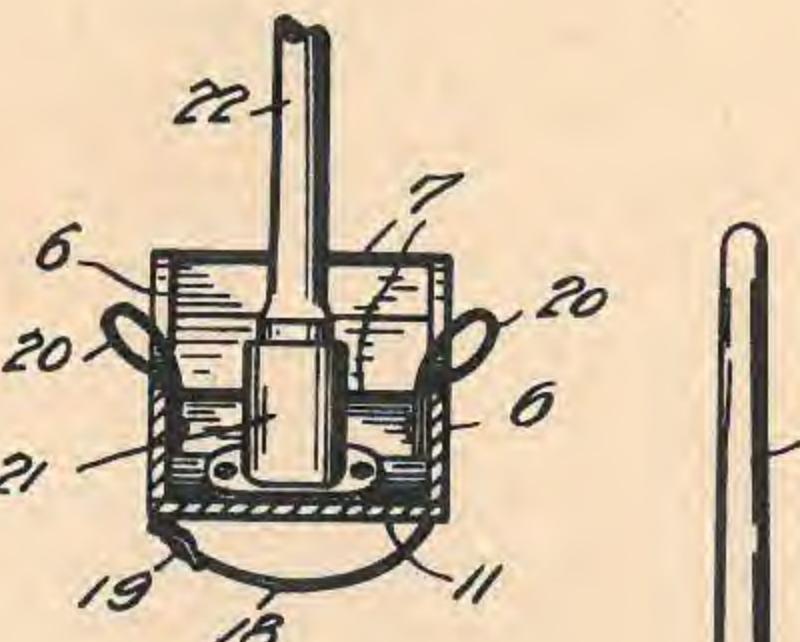
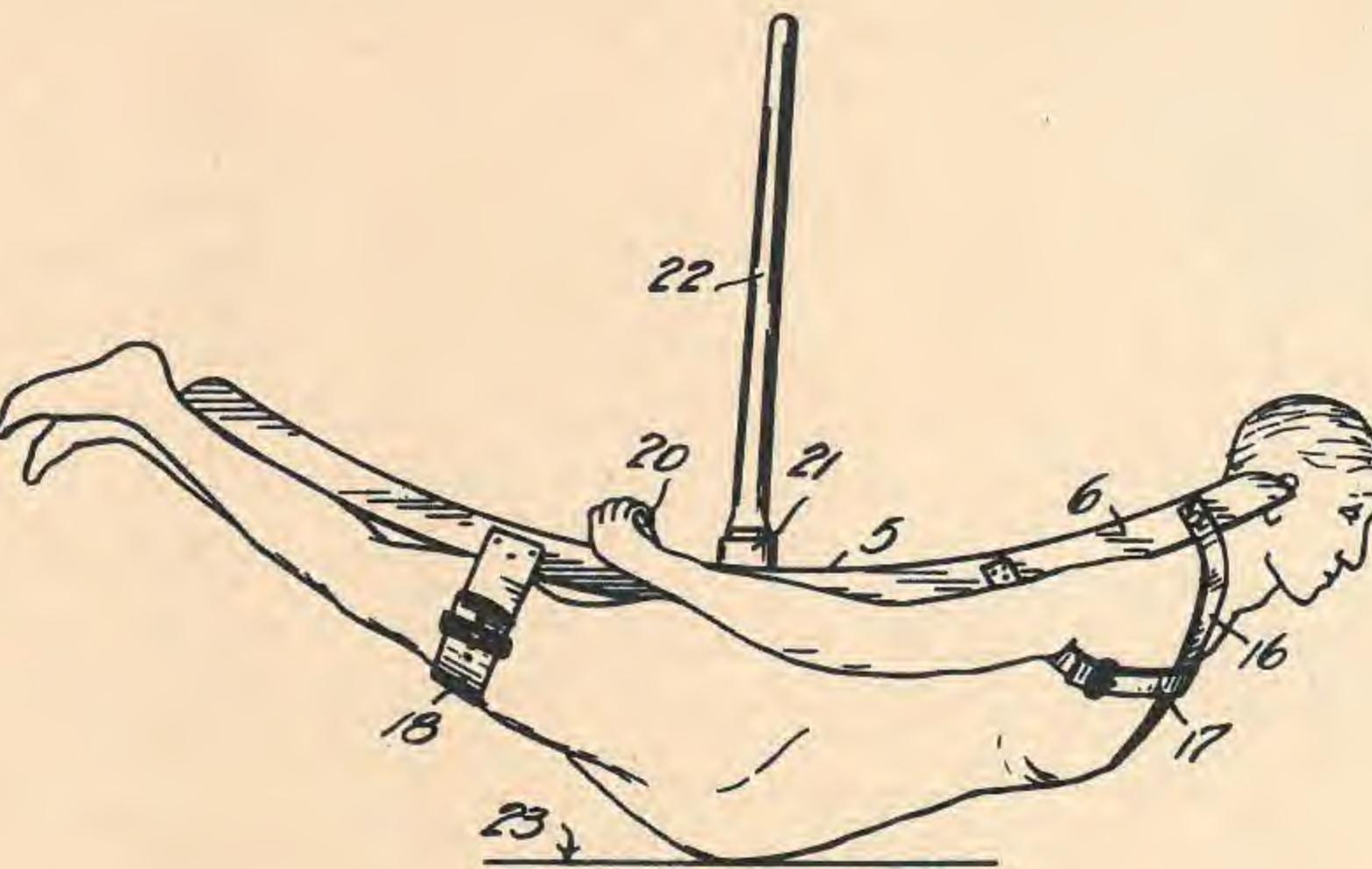
"And tomorrow, you can play with my money," she said as he got up. "I love so to watch the dice. I never get tired of them. But I don't like to touch them. They remind me of nasty little animals for some reason." They started walking toward the parking lot. "We can take my car," she told him. And then she turned to him as they walked, her arm in his, and she said, "But when you win, you have to promise . . ."

And she did not have to go on because Casey knew exactly what she was going to say. But she did say it and he was not going to stop and try to figure out what kind of a crazy lady this was, because they had the whole night ahead of them and it was like a dream come true.

Casey knew that somehow or other he was going to be lucky tomorrow night: he was going to lose . . .

The minds of men have ever been straining to improve their fellow creatures' lot; yet the harder they work the more they seem to regress. Maybe the traditionalists are right when they demand:

NO CHANGE, PLEASE!

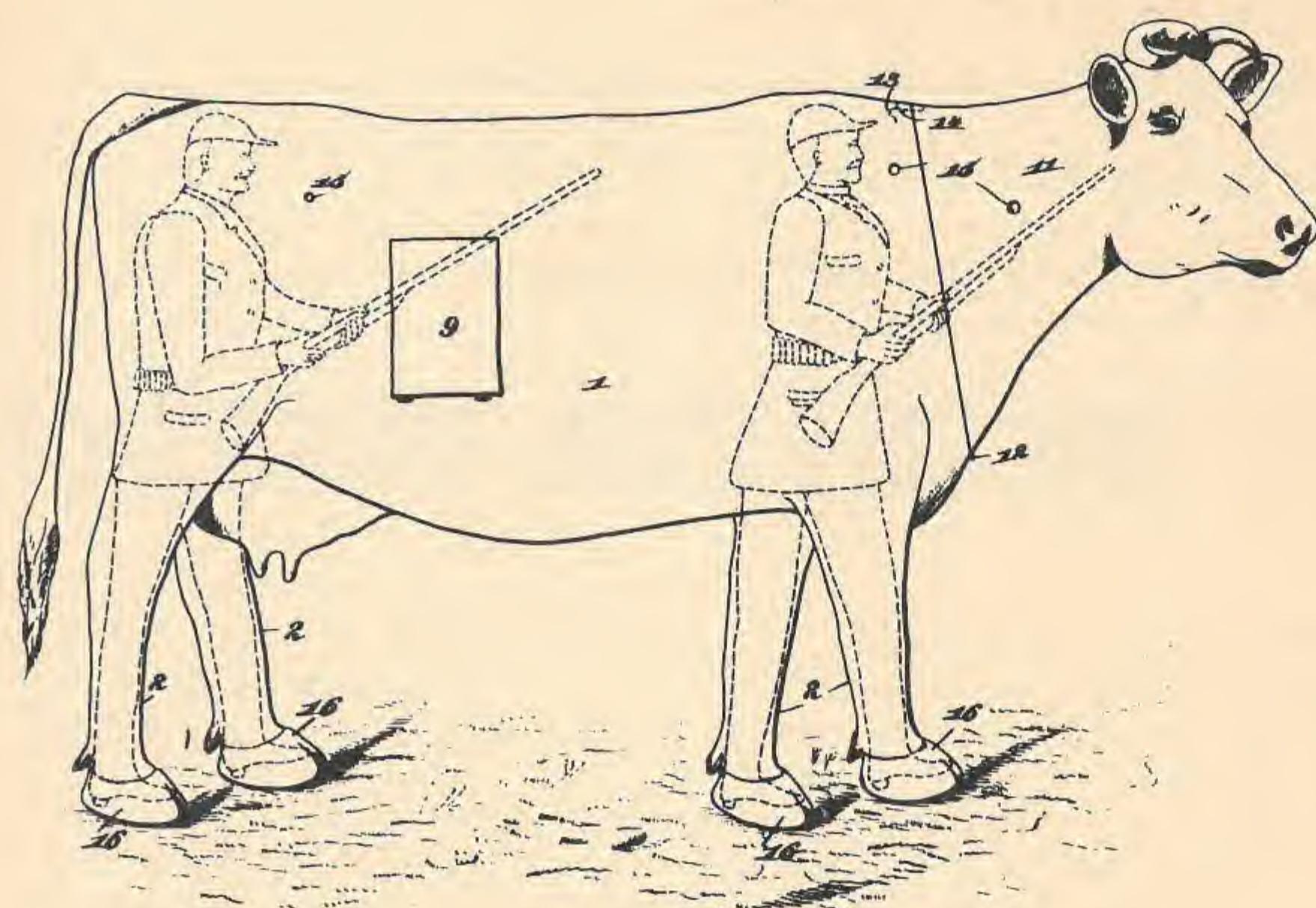


"The more things change," a wise old philosopher once said, "the more they are the same thing." So why bother with all the storm and stress of this break-neck, runaway, tail-up, atomic universe? Everything we need for a truly brave new world is neatly filed in the drawers of the U.S. Patent Office.

For example, if you're offended by those new chemical reducing compounds that put you on a complete liquid diet and force you to avoid forever the pleasures of gourmet and gourmand, why not take your weight off the good old way, the way that's true blue and tried and true?

A fellow named Albert M. Loughney, way back in 1910, filed the most logical invention for reducing we've ever seen. It gets right to the source and doesn't fool around with notions better left unknown to the minds of men.

Take a careful look at the illustration. Got a well-fed middle-aged spread? Finally got a belly full of too much calories? Try Loughlen's Abdominal Fat Reducing Appliance! You may never, never live to tell the tale!



This great invention from the turn of the century is reminiscent of the perennial cartoon about the couple who go to a masquerade party dressed as both ends of a horse.

Only this is no joke, and it's not a horse with which we're dealing. This invention, if it had been properly publicized, would have revolutionized the great sport of hunting.

How many guys do you know, for example, who went hunting for deer and shot farmer Brown's cow by mistake? Gads, what ridicule, what terrible fits of conscience those numbskulls must feel.

But now, with Sievers' genuine Hunting Decoy, a cow that has room for two gunmen, you and your partner can decoy neighboring idiots into shooting at you instead of real, live cows. Think of the beef that will be preserved from lead poisoning! Think of the upturn in the farm economy!

Naturally, if you've got any brains, you'll make sure you're the brains of your decoy, not the rump. Then, again, maybe your partner can be a rumpette!

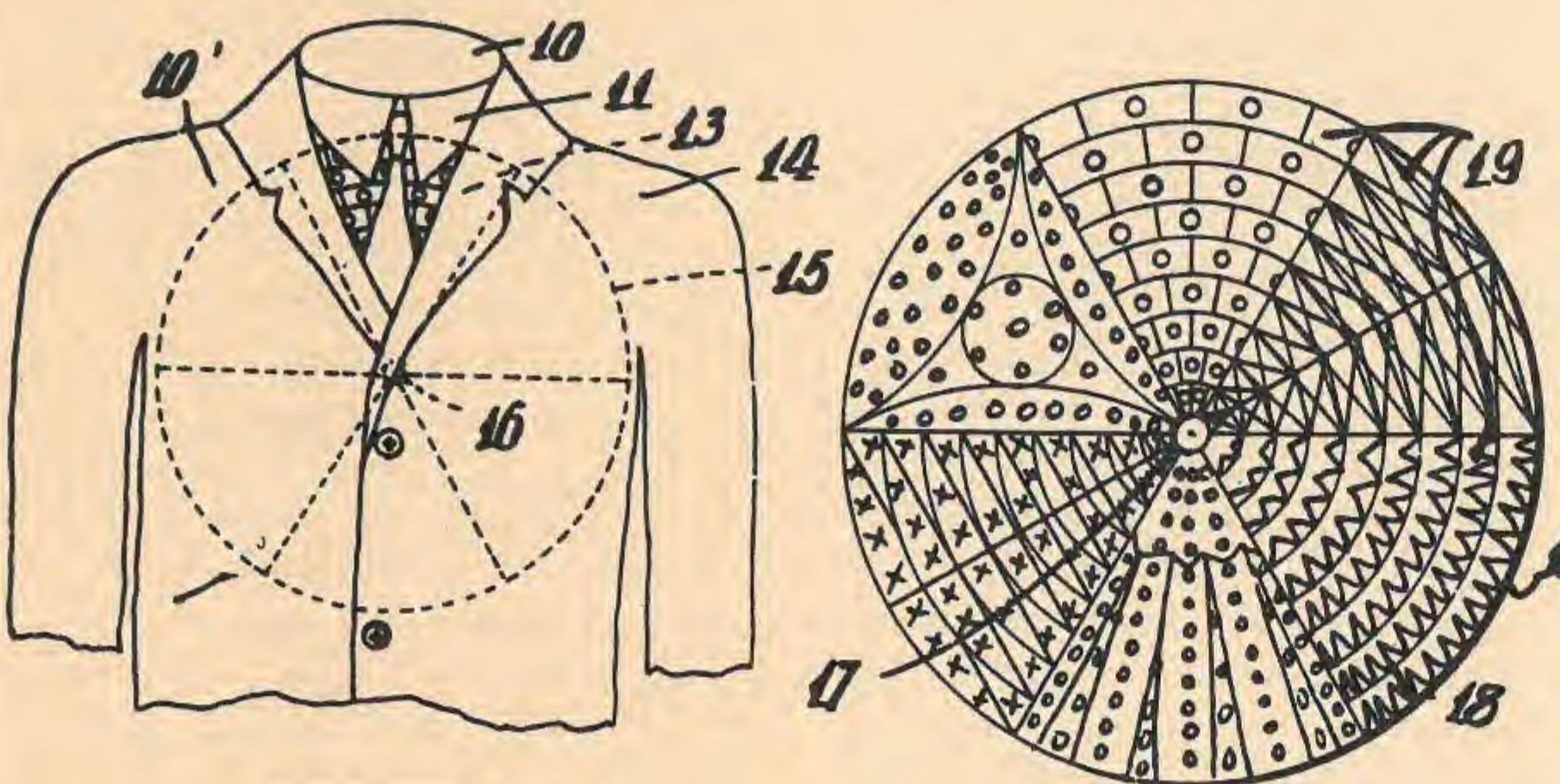
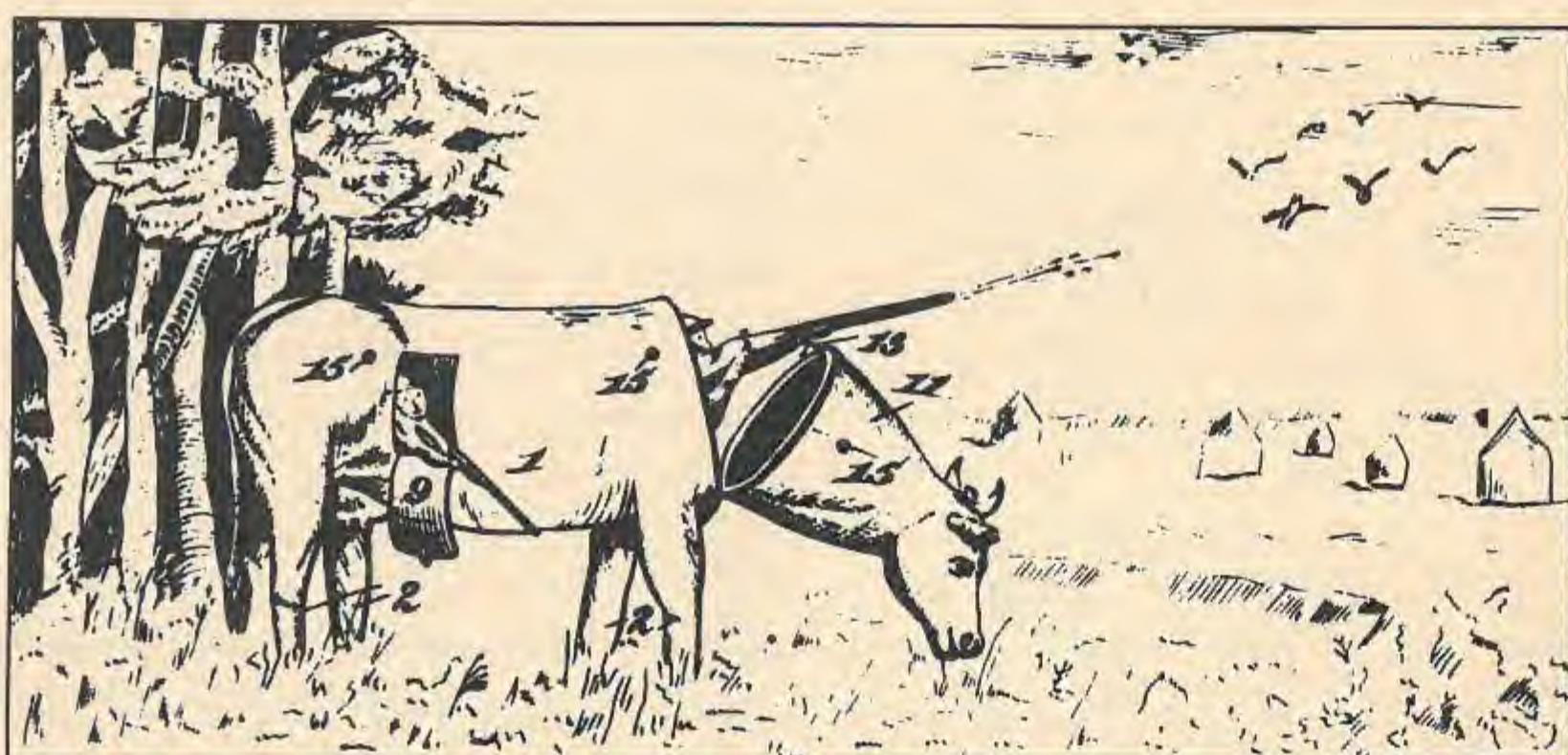
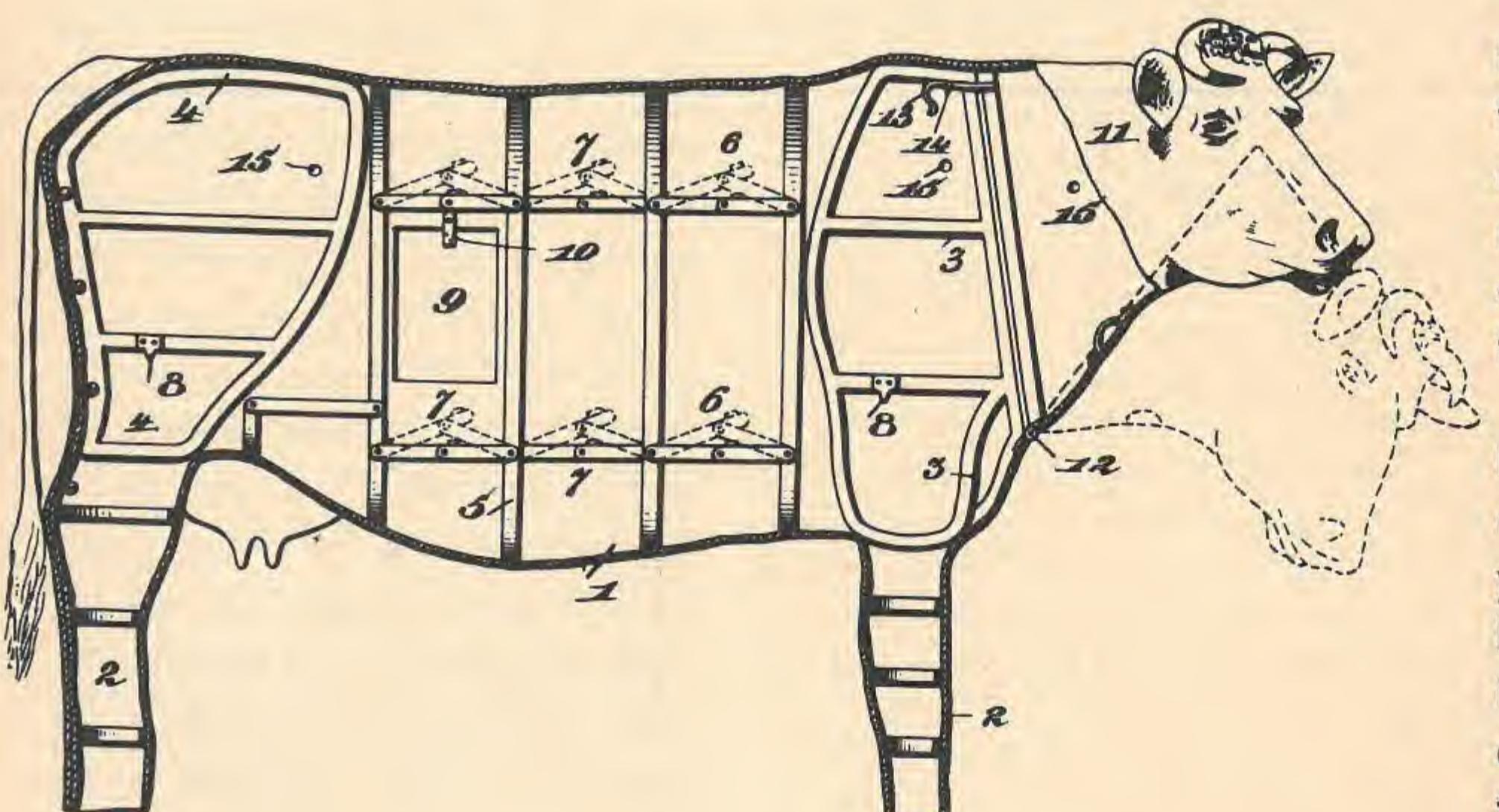


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

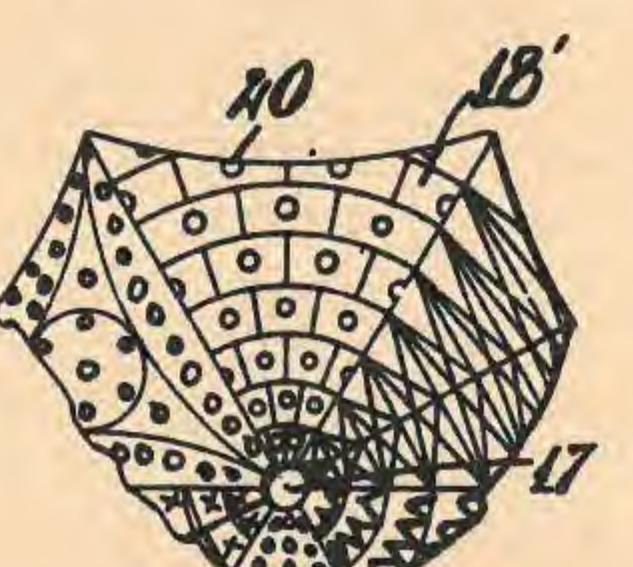


FIG. 4.

FIG. 3.

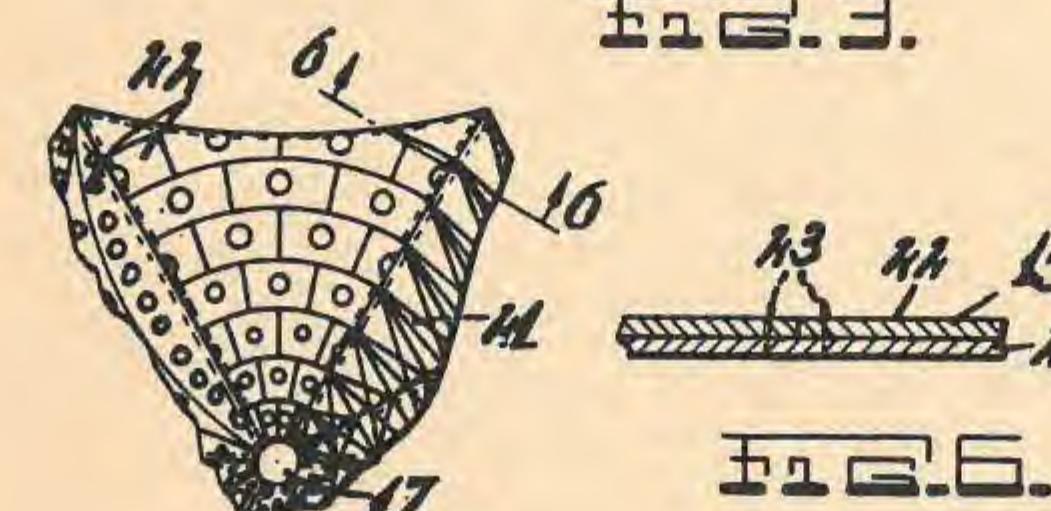


FIG. 5.

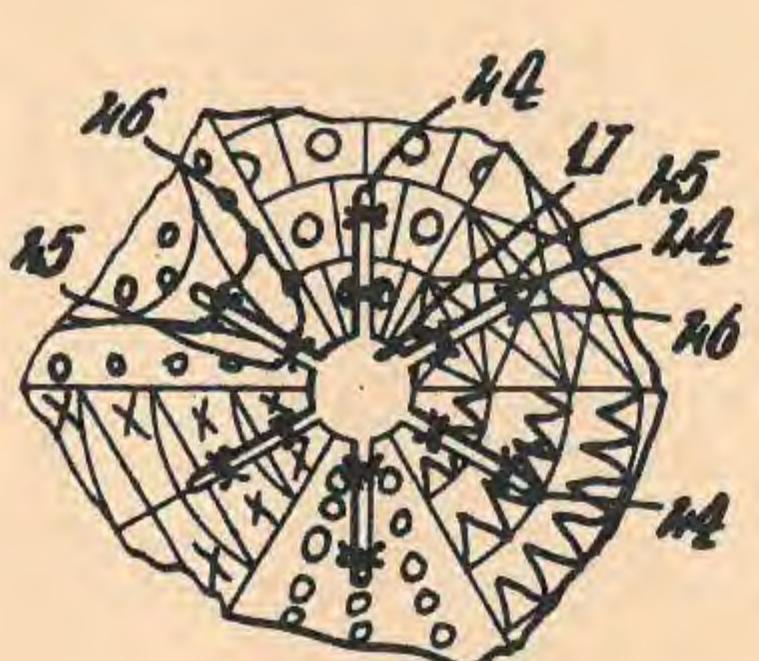


FIG. 6.

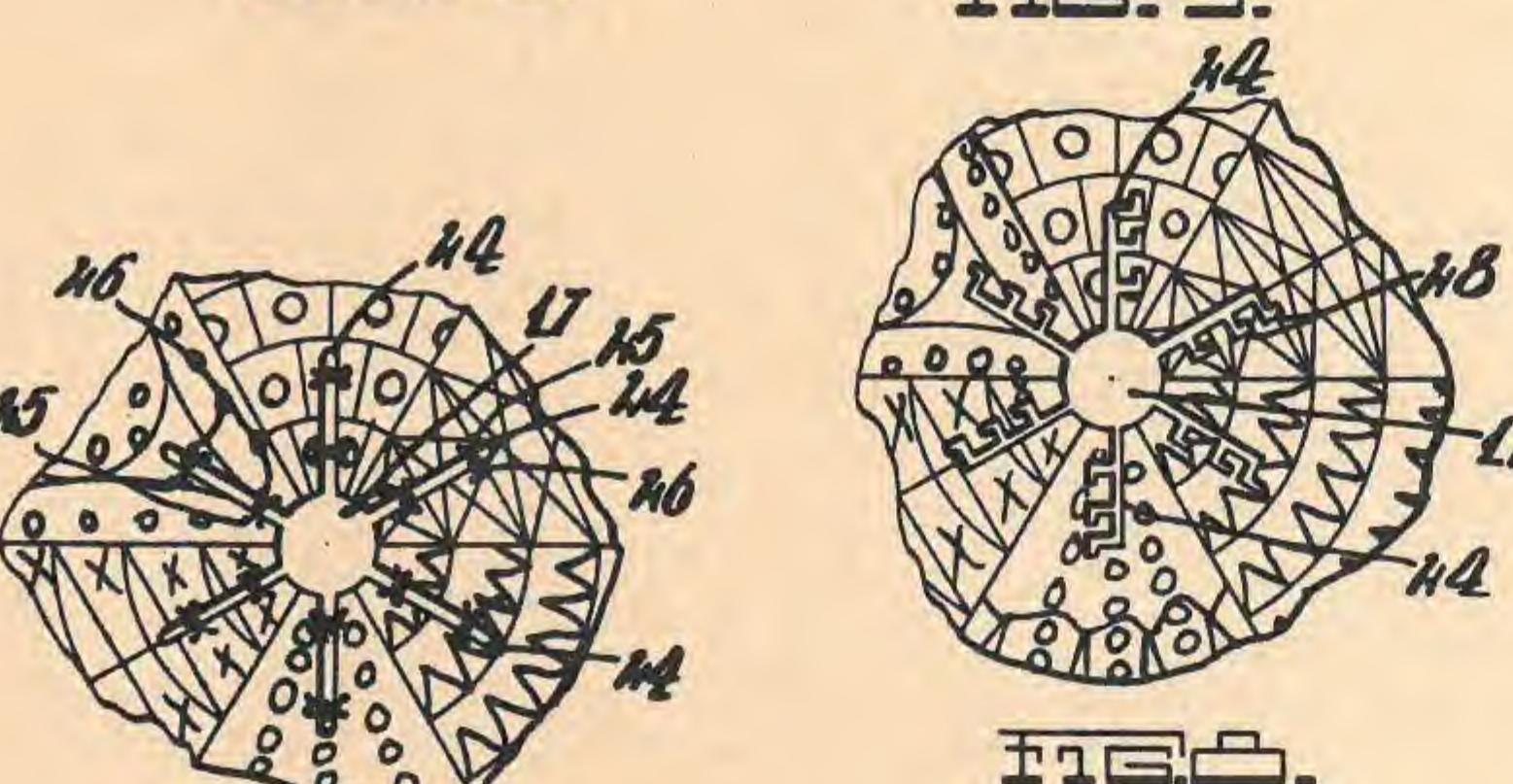


FIG. 7.

Tired of wearing the same shirt to the office, day after day, but can't afford a wardrobe fit for a sheik?

Well, don't despair. There's been an invention on the books some thirty or more years that can wipe away your sartorial problems with one sweep of the sleeve. Examine the illustration carefully, then read what the inventor says about his fashion revolutionizer which, for some unknown reason, never even caused a minor insurrection:

"A shirt front, comprising a flat member having a central aperture for engagement upon a shirt button for rotative mounting, and ornamented sections arranged on one side thereof for simulating different shirt materials, and the edges of the flat member being formed into concaved portions extending individually across each of the said sections for engaging against a wearer's neck for holding the flat member against rotation."

The only problem with the inventor's description is that it was never translated out of governmentese. So let's simplify it.

You've got one shirt, which you sort of glue on to your back because you're not going to change it anyway. But you don't want people where you work, or at the parties where you free-load, to know how chintzy you are, so you use this invention. It's got any number of combination fronts fastened in such a way that you can turn them, like a dial, and make it look as if you've changed shirts.

There's only one problem, of course: laundry. So, take a bath with it!

(continued from page 5)

breasts, and the high school degree he didn't get at P.S. 19.

She'd say things like "Laertes was Shakespeare's foil, Jack—and I'm yours"—or showing him that rosy waffle of flesh below her bikini—"Sex is from the belt up, Jack boy—only in the mind—" or when his aroused interest throttled through his blood—"Don't shrug off the physiological, dear husband. That is also in the world of great ideas."

Then she'd run brazenly off with the bellboy, the hotel electrician, a cabby, or whoever. Once he had reason to believe he was cuckolded between floors by the elevator operator.

Delmonica helped herself to his salted almonds. Square white teeth peeked out of low, red gums. Oh, those teeth! So fine for the nipping frisk. So goddamn healthy!

"Don't look at me that way, Jack."

Now she was composing in her mind again. He could tell—something nasty about the way he looked at her—the hospital and all that—here it comes—

"As if I were a—pharmaceutical package—an amoral amulet—"

"Knock it off or I'll ring for the nurse."

"Let's talk business, Jack."

"Business?"

"In your parlance of the street—a deal."

"Nuts, Babe. Nuts! You got me committed. You got what you wanted."

"And I'm the only one who can get you out."

"In other words I get my freedom for six little keys?"

"Just six little keys, their location, and your pseudonyms."

"Pseud—"

"The names you used in each case."

"Oh. Well, Delmonica—I'm still pretty sore at what you did to me. I'll have to think it over."

"I can't wait, Jack."

"The hell you can't. I'm waiting."

"Yes." She squeezed his big toe under the sheet. "But you don't have to wait any more. Please, Jack?"

She almost had that familiar musty odor. The kind she got from a good game of tennis. He short-circuited her body electricity with a stare out the window. The sky was cloudless, still as blue gauze.

"You're not listening, Jack."

"I got the bit. The whole bit."

"Well?"

"No."

Hate was still there. A glowing pink worm. He was beginning to enjoy the feel of its warm curl in his abdomen. He wondered if Delmonica could see it there, coiled luminously, through his hospital gown.

It was time for her to turn on the waterworks. He looked up, gazing steadily into her eyes. Yes. Big, wild tears were building in her tear ducts, building, building—falling heavily through the black lashes. She let them run down her cheeks, unashamed, without touching them.

She had done it again! The ranch near Tucson. Fanning desert heat with her body, riding in a whirlwind of sandy dust, the desert wasteland shining in blue-green aliveness from her eyes. He felt he was drowning again in her crying green eyes. . . . Then he remembered Slim, the professional cowboy, riding behind her, his bony nose working, a film of sweat on his forehead, looking down at the forelocks of his plodding pony. For the first time, Slim was ashamed to salute him, as he lay by the pool.

"Turn 'em off," he commanded brusquely.

Instantly, he could see the tears dissolve, leaving long gray runners through her artful make-up. Then the slight smile reserved for lamp posts, mailboxes and store windows turned on. It wasn't as impressive as her fake-happiness smile that exuded, bubbled and cracked out of her laughing mouth.

"All signed. You see, I came prepared." The bulky, legal document came out of her oversize purse. He put it under his pillow. She never welshed. It was authentic.

"You got your own way again, Delmonica."

"Always, darling, always." She blew him a kiss out of pouting wet lips and closed the door.

He moved to the window. Sunlight patterned his face with gray, criss-crossing from the bars. His eyes had the steely glare of polished ball bearings as he watched her walk across the parking lot toward the car.

Had he been wrong? Had he left something unsaid? His eyes tightened into her long, smooth stride. It was too late now. He couldn't even shout, or call her back. Oh, Delmonica—why did you make me do it?

He thought of the bomb. The bomb, ingeniously placed, would trigger itself off with the unlocking mechanism. It was in deposit box number three. He was always lucky with odd numbers.

His cash and all worldly assets had been left to this institution, his home for a long, long time to come. After all, they couldn't legally prosecute a crazy man, could they?

"Good. I'm glad I did a good job."

"You did. Blacked both my eyes. Broke Parker's jaw."

"That's what Baylord told me."

Somehow, the thought was strangely comforting.

"You've had a month to think it over, Jack. I can sign the release papers today."

"For the keys?"

She shrugged eloquently. "For the keys."

"What if I say no dice?"

The eyes turned tiger green, washed and flickering with a deeper hate than his own.

"Then you stay here and rot." By the way she said *rot*, low in her throat, he knew there was no chance.

"Okay, Delmonica. I give up."

He reached under the pillow and handed a small sealed envelope to her. She stretched for it eagerly, opening and examining its contents. She counted keys, reading the accompanying information cards.

"I'm really surprised, Jack. You already have them jointly in my name. Well, I'll be toasting you with juleps at Luigi's within the hour."

"Better get downtown before the banks close."

"Oh, I will." She was gay now. "The first thing. Business always comes first. You taught me that."

"What about my release?"

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Had he been wrong? Had he left something unsaid? His eyes tightened into her long, smooth stride. It was too late now. He couldn't even shout, or call her back. Oh, Delmonica—why did you make me do it?

He thought of the bomb. The bomb, ingeniously placed, would trigger itself off with the unlocking mechanism. It was in deposit box number three. He was always lucky with odd numbers.

His cash and all worldly assets had been left to this institution, his home for a long, long time to come. After all, they couldn't legally prosecute a crazy man, could they?

"Good. I'm glad I did a good job."

"You did. Blacked both my eyes. Broke Parker's jaw."

"That's what Baylord told me."

He tore the thick release papers into precise little squares. They fluttered slowly to the floor.

He watched Delmonica get into the front seat of the Rolls with Parker. How nice. Gripping the bar, steady-ing himself, he lifted the invisible glass, saluting them.

██████████

OTHER VOICES, OTHER RUMORS

(continued from page 32)

berg's Kosher Wine—all signs of a disturbed gall bladder.

UNITY: Well, if it's disturbed, can't you just put it on a couch and talk to it?

ORGAN: You're a scream, Unity. No, we can't do that. Now take off your clothes.

(GOES TO HI-FI SET, AND PUTS ON RIMSKI-KORSAKOV'S "HYMN TO THE SUN.")

UNITY STARTS A SLOW GRIND AS SHE PEELS. SHE FINALLY STANDS NAKED, EYES AFIRE, CHEEKS AGLOW

ORGAN: Your cheeks are all aglow, my dear. Let me look at your face. Aha! Face flushed. Shallow respiration. Chest X-rays indicated, as well as a basal metabolism. Well! This is

unusual! Concave breasts and reticulated navel. Hmm. Complete resection of the pelvis, to be sure. All right, Unity. Put on your clothes. UNITY: Listen, Doctor. Now that we're—well, now that we have time, and we're alone, and I—

ORGAN: No thanks, doll. I want to run a credit check on you before I put you in the hospital.

UNITY: What's this going to set me back, Doc?

ORGAN: Let's just say that you could buy one hell of a lot of Mother Ginsberg's Kosher Wine for what I'm going to charge you. Shall we go?

██████████

THE BOOK CLUB

(continued from page 15)

make a girl more acceptable to men?" she asked.

"Yes . . . it worked then . . . I don't see why it shouldn't . . ."

"M-m-m." She smiled, stood up and slowly walked toward the light switch.

That night we began. Her capacity for learning astounded me. We started from chapter one and managed successfully, with much experiment-

ing, to bring it to a complete and satisfactory close. And the next night—and the next—and after six consecutive nights and six consecutive chapters, I found that although the mind is willing, the body—no. But —.

"But Bill! This is the most interesting part of the whole book. It's the chapter on 169 different ways . . ."

"I know, Darlene, I know. But, surely you can see that it's impossible for me to carry on . . ."

"Darlene, I'm sorry but I'm finished, completely finished. I don't think I'll ever be able to . . ."

"Oh Bill! You're sure? I mean positively sure?"

I smiled wanly, "I'm sure."

"Oh goodness, now you'll have to help me get a new member."

"A new member?"

"Yes, tomorrow you'll come to the library and sit at the table where you met Charlie Stone, and wait with my book . . ."

"Your book? I thought it belonged to Stone."

"No, no," she laughed. "It's my book. And, as I say, you'll wait at the table till I send over a virile looking young man, then you'll speak to him exactly as Charlie spoke to you."

"Then?"

"Then I'll have a new member for what I like to call—my book club."

██████████



"If you could make a wish right now, George, what would you wish for?"



"Why don't you answer me, George?"



"What I like about him is he's *all man!*"

HI-LIFE

HI-LIFE

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY!

(continued from page 27)

vate functions for, er, men only?"

"Check. Disgusting exhibitions of unrestrained carnality, designed to arouse the male viewer to a fever pitch of lust and amorous desire."

"Is that so?" I said, beginning to relax a little. "Just from looking at a movie?"

"This kind of movie is not exactly Snow White," he said, "and, meaning no offense, neither are you. That's why we picked you for a plant. Now zipper up that pretty mouth and lemme explain the setup, because we gotta go in there before somebody pops out for a look-see. All right?"

"Go ahead."

"This Gus is a clever operator, always on the move. One time it's a garage in Bellflower, the next time a barn out in Calabasas. We've been tailing him for months, and tonight we're moving in for the kill."

"If there's any killing, you can just count me out," I interrupted.

"That's just an expression. I mean, we've got this place staked out, and at twelve midnight, straight up, we bust in the doors and catch Gus in the act. With his pants down. I mean, with *your* pants down, if you get the picture."

"I really can't say that I do. It sounds *awfully* vulgar."

"Listen, you just play it straight, do what Gus says, and before anything *really* happens, our boys will be coming through all the chinks and, let me tell you, the sheriff's going to be mighty grateful to you. Fact, the ol' buzzard told me this morning he's willing to go all out for you and talk to Lipschitz at Century-Grand, who's only the biggest producer in town. He and Lippy were fraternity brothers at night school. Could mean a term contract, the very least."

"Gee, I don't know. Why didn't you tell me all this before you got me up here? Pretty sneaky, if you ask me."

"And risk it you might turn me down? I've been building you up with Gus all week. He caught you once in burlesque and the little bastard is drooling. He's waiting for us in there right now, all cranked up and breathing like he had a marble up his nose."

"Us?" I put in. "You mean you—that you—"

"Strictly in the line of duty. Personally I'd rather go bowling."

Just then a door opened in the shed and out came a fat little man waving a flashlight and pretty soon he was flashing it at the car.

"That you, Strike?" he called out. "What the hell's been keeping you? I got a crew standing around, with a generator going, and it's almost eleven o'clock. You bring the dame?"

"Sure thing, Gus. Come on, baby."

And before I know whether I'm for it or against it, there we are in the shed, with these rusty oil drums everywhere, and off in one corner a big puddle of light with a movie camera on a tripod and three or four men standing around talking low to each other. And then, wham! my fanny was being whacked, and Gus was saying "Kid, I been dying to meet you. When our boy here said the one-and-only Strawberry Jamm was willing and anxious, Gus, I said to myself, for this dame we stretch the budget like it was a rubber band. Three C's for the basic run-through and another C for every little extra. And we got enough film for all the extras you want to throw in."

Can you *imagine* that kind of talk! Right to my face like we were discussing do you think it will rain tomorrow. I would of walked out right then and there, if it wasn't that Strike had my arm and was telling Gus what a lady I was and how they had to shoot the picture so that nothing would show that those stagniks could say, ain't I seen that face somewhere before? and it'll get out who I am and injure my career as a promising young starlet, because I was only doing this for kicks, just kicks, you see, and Gus was sure-sure-ing him, and there we were on the set, if you could call it a set. I mean, a bed and some drapes that were supposed to be walls, and the kind of beat-up old furniture that gets left on the sidewalk when they tear down one of those skid-roach hotels.

So I said to myself, Bertie, it's only till the bulls move in at midnight, and you could sure use that contract at Century-Grand. I mean, what could happen in thirty minutes?

"Now get the scene," Gus was saying. "Kid, you're this nympho manicurist at the hotel where Strike is a guest. So he's got this hangnail and he calls down to room service and they send you up to give him a treatment. You dig?"

"What about my lines?" I asked. "Where's the script?"

(turn over)

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"Lines? The kind of lines we're selling, honey, you don't need a script. You just ad-lib along with Strike and, later, when we get back to town, we'll loop in some dialogue. You feel better?"

"Do what the man says, baby," Strike put in. "Gussy here is the old master with shootin' it on the cuff."

"Damn tootin'," said Gus. "Now get out of that dress and put this on." And he handed me this white skirt and bra, and I asked, "Where's the dressing room?" Well, all these jerks standing around started laughing it up like I said something real back-splitting, and Strike spoke out: "Knock it off, you goons. Behind the drapes, baby. And snap it up."

Well, this garment was supposed to be a uniform like a manicurist would wear, but the way it was cut, if this was, like they say, real life, I'd have been pinched on my way through the lobby.

So I made the change and out I came. That's when it hit me. I mean, this really weird feeling, like it was the profession again, with my name on the marquee and the profile of my bustline in the ads and the M.C. bringing me on over the loud-speaker: "Now you gents all heard that expression 'the toast of the town'—well, here's what gives the toast that delicious flavor—the girl who sprrrreads it around—a big mitt for Strawberry Jamm!" And then the purple spot picks me up, and first there's this breathing-in sound from the audience, the band socks the beat and I'm into my act.

I don't know what came over me that particular night in the shed, but as I came through those drapes, there was that breathing-in sound again, and Gus was saying: "All right, hit the lights." Honest, I thought for a minute I was back in the business, and before I knew what I was doing, I got rid of a bump or two and went into a slow grind. After that, the first thing I remember was Gus bawling, "Keep it up, keep it up!" and I don't know how long I went on that way. I must of gone through most of my act, because when I came out of it, the bra was in my hand, and there was Strike standing near the bed in his underwear and staring at me like I was kooked or something. I mean, I really surprised everyone, not only yours truly.

Well, Gus was now jumping up and down like a top and screaming at Strike: "Pick it up, pick it up! Im-

provise! Manicurist, hotel room! Roll 'em, roll 'em."

And there I was, like in one of those nightmares you read about, where you're walking down Madison Avenue without even pasties on, and nobody paying any attention at all. And suddenly Strike was pointing at the bra and saying, "Good afternoon, Miss. I'm glad you got that off your chest."

"W-what?" I stuttered. Then I knew they were making a movie of all this, and the first thing I thought of was cover up! and the second thing was, what time is it? and I made a dive for the bed and pulled the sheets up over my shoulders.

"So you're the manicurist," said Strike, still acting. "I hope you brought your equipment."

"For Chrissake, it's twelve-thirty!" I hissed, glancing at my watch. "Where are they?"

Well, that Strike was a cool one. He just worked my remark into the scene and said sweetly, "I guess you must have another appointment, that's why you're so interested in the time. So let's make this a quick one. My hangnail is killing me."

I noticed that they were pushing the camera in for a close shot, and Strike was beginning to get a certain look in his eye that I used to recognize in the first row at Minsky's, and I could see that the cavalry must of taken a wrong turn somewhere in Pomona and I'm strictly on my own.

"Wait!" I said, a real clever line. "I-I forgot my polish."

"Baby, I got enough polish for both of us," said Strike, very quick on the upshot. And then he made a dive for the sheets and that's when the bottom fell out. I'm not talking about the bed, I mean the floor. The goddamn floor!

The papers said later that that old wooden floor had been a regular Lindy's delicatessen for termites starting when the oil company closed down five years before. And right under the shed, which was built up off the ground, like on stilts, was what they call a sump. In plain language, that's a puddle of oil, and this one must of been waiting around for me from the time the well was pumping out Cadillacs and mink stoles for some wealthy millionaire.

The rich get richer, and me, I get dumped in a sump. With company. Strike Bannion, Gus, this cameraman and two or three of those other goons, together with the lights, the camera,

and thank goodness the bed, which broke the fall for me. Aside from the shock, which was awful, as you can imagine, I miraculously sustained no injuries, as it said the next day in the *Los Angeles Times*. I mean, if you've gotta fall in a sump, do it in bed.

Well, the noise of the floor falling in and the lights exploding and all the screaming of help from this one and the assorted moaning and groaning from the others must of shook up the whole state of California, and before you know it, up the hill came the sirens, and then they were flashing lights down into the hole and dragging us out with ropes like we were pickles in a barrel, only we looked more like ripe olives.

I never saw so many cops. It looked like they maybe thought some big public enemy was hiding out at the bottom of that hole. Not only cops, but an ambulance, a fire truck, and, so help me, a helicopter which came down right in the middle of all those squad cars, and some of the cops started shouting, "Get back, it's the sheriff!" and I'm thinking well, it's about time, and do I have a few choice words for him. I mean, how far do you think a decent girl will go for a lousy movie contract.

Out he stepped, all gray at the temples and scowling from ear to ear. "What the hell's going on here!" he barked. "I got a report of an earthquake, another that the Reds have been lobbing in missiles from a submarine off the coast. Somebody start talking!"

Well, this cop captain stepped up. "Sir, after putting most of the pieces together, it appears this abandoned shed was being used to shoot obscene films, and something gave way in the flooring and all concerned landed in a pool of oil under the building. We dragged them out, this young lady in the near-nude, a young man in his skivvies, who's laid out in the ambulance with a broken arm, and four others who aren't talking. We also dredged out a camera and some other movie equipment. There's a reel of film in the magazine which is still intact, and it ought to tell the story. That's about it. Sorry to rouse you at this hour."

"You damn well ought to be! Hold them all on a morals charge, disturbing the peace, trespassing, creating a public nuisance and anything else that fits. And let's get the hell out of here!"

And off he went in that egg-whipper before I even had a chance to open my yap, and me standing there, dripping mazola and shivering in the blanket they gave me, and the tears beginning to mix with the oil and sting my eyes. Well, they took us down to the county can at Malibu, and I guess I must've sounded pretty silly screaming my head off about a bum rap and how I was really a plant for this stake-out, and why didn't they show up when they were supposed to at midnight? and what kind of a frame was this anyway! Because it turned out this Strike Bannion was not only no detective, he had a record as long as a chimp's arm, and he and Gus were really partners, and the stake-out story was something Strike dreamed up when he saw I wasn't the kind of girl who'd go for this filthy movie bit, even if I did come out of burlesque, which he damn well must've known when he handed me the salt shaker at Schwab's.

The worst of it was, nobody believed me, especially when they ran the film, and with me waving that bra around it sure looked like I was one of the boys, if you know what I mean. And you should've seen the papers. You'd think I was the original Miss Sodom and Begorrah. ACTRESS IN LEWD FILM RAID.

EX-BURLESQUE BEAUTY IN FREAK ACCIDENT. STRAWBERRY IN A JAMM. On the front page yet, with pictures taken when they fished me out wearing nothing but a heavy coat of oil and looking like one of those dames who swim channels for a living.

So what's my beef with that solid gold heel, my agent Oblath? Who does a girl call when she gets into trouble but her friend and personal adviser, who happened to be Oblath. And what does that noble example of a friend and adviser say? "You got it coming, to put me in this position. I already lost three good clients because of the stories you gave the papers about how I'm representing you. You little slut, forget I ever knew you." And he hung up on me, just like that.

Well, I had only one ace left up my sleeve and that was Strike Bannion. If he backed up my story about how he conned me into all this trouble with that phoney sheriff routine, maybe I could plead not guilty and get off the hook. So this nice detective, Lieutenant Birnbaum, who took my statement at the Malibu station, said he'd grill Strike on that, but the answer came back that the mean bastard denied the whole thing and said I

oughta take my medicine with a stiff upper lip and not go making up wild alibis. But I guess, like the detective said, Strike couldn't afford to admit he was impersonating a cop. They'd have nailed him but good on that one. So that left me exactly nowhere. Which is where I am now, doing sixty days in the L.A. County Jail and with two weeks to go. The judge said he was going easy on me, being that I had no prior convictions and seemed genuinely contrite, whatever the hell that means. Strike and Gus each got six months, and I hope they both fry in you-know-where.

I already heard from my old booker, Solly Cohen, who read about it in the New York papers. He offered to set me up in burlesque again. I wrote him a long letter telling him what really happened, and he sent me some traveling money for when I get sprung from here, and brother, watch me put this town behind me, like it was crawling with smallpox germs. Which it is, only the human kind.

Solly even got a new name picked out for me when I hit the runways again: Bella Bounce, which sounds fine.

But how do you like that guy Oblath!



"I don't want one that gives too much—I'm inclined that way myself."



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ON THE JOB ...for you

HALFAMAN

(continued from page 38)

sand, swearing as his feet slipped on the inconsistent surface.

She had managed to get the boat adrift, but it was no more than twenty feet out from the shore. She jabbed the paddle into the water in fierce strokes as he strode out toward her. The water was shallow near the shore and did not dip down until fifty or sixty feet away from the sandy beach.

The salt water stung the rip in his belly.

He was coming closer now, and paddle as wildly as she would, she could not escape him. His fury was driving him through the water. Beneath his feet, the shelf of land gave way, and he began to swim. Under ordinary circumstances she would have had no trouble in getting away,

for the native canoes were swift. But she was hobbled by fear, and the terror she felt made her strokes feeble. The shallow canoe swung around in tight concentric circles and he swam closer all the time.

The moon was waning, but on the water its silver light was still clear.

This was what he had loved, he thought, staring up out of the water into her fear-contorted face. Anguish had aged her and he could see what the years would do to her. She looked like an old crone as he reached one arm up out of the water and grabbed the edge of the canoe, preparatory to turning it over. There in the water, he had decided, he would strangle her and leave her for the waves to cleanse, if that were possible.

She hacked down at his upturned face with the knife-sharp edge of the paddle. He did not feel the blows.

Neither of them saw the flat, black knife-edge that projected up from the surface of the water nearby.

So intent was he on murder that he did not even know the shark was near, attracted by his bleeding belly, until the shearing stroke cut through his thighs.

His scream cut through the night air like the keening wail of the end of all mankind's dreams.

Since World War II ended, there's not much reason for whites to go to the Solomon Islands. A few traders, an occasional ship, but that's about all. And of the few who do have occasion to go there, none has any reason at all to go out back of beyond to the little village where Uvala's tribe lives. None at all.

So no one walks the lonely trails but natives, and no one goes to the particular little island where the new "Halfaman" lives. No one but Uvala and her friends.

Of course, she has lots of friends, all males, and many of them are entertained by her pet.

Not all of them are amused, because civilization has not yet infected all the natives that Uvala knows with the untender piquancy of sadism. But enough of them have been tainted so that she has a great deal of pleasure in the little show that she delights to put on.

By twos and threes she brings them to the little hut in the center of the clearing on the lonely islet. Once there, she smiles, and, putting a brown finger to her lips, she motions for silence.

Then she trills, and her voice is still compounded of moonlight and tender promise, even though her waistline is no longer small enough to be spanned by a man's hands. She calls, "Halfaman, I am here . . . come to me, lover. I am waiting."

At first, the silence in the hut is unbroken. But then there is a murmur, a sort of sound, a wail, half anger, half pleasure; then a curious noise, not quite human and not quite animal, as something stirs inside the hut.

The decaying leaves that hang in front of the hut, as a curtain-like door, are pushed to one side and the thing that inhabits the hut pokes forth its head. The skin on the face is still white, whiter than a leper's in those exotic, colorful surroundings, and, except for the pain lines dug deep into it, the face is that of a man in his thirties; but, of course, the face comes through the curtain of leaves in an unlikely place . . .

"Halfaman," she trills, and the music in her voice is like a whip, "come to me, I am waiting. Love me . . . make me love you . . ."

When the thing drags itself into view, it is curiously unfinished, for the arms are as long as a man's, and the torso is as long as a man's, but it is unusual to see a man propel himself on his knuckles, and it is disturbing to see a man who comes to an end where this one does.

Then Uvala, having cautioned the men with her to stay hidden in the nearby underbrush, does that which repays her for the loss the white man cost her.

Some of the men she brings to the show are amused; some are horrified; but since she still has three or four years of attractiveness left, all of them wait while she does what she does to the white man.

For what the white man did not understand, and does not understand even now, is that she loved the dwarf, as much as it is within her inconstant nature to love anyone.

So that she gets great pleasure in cooing to the white man, and running her hands through his hair, and kissing him, leading him on, while always being cautious to stay out of the way of the preternaturally strong arms that the white man has developed; for she knows as well as he knows that if he ever gets his hands on her . . .

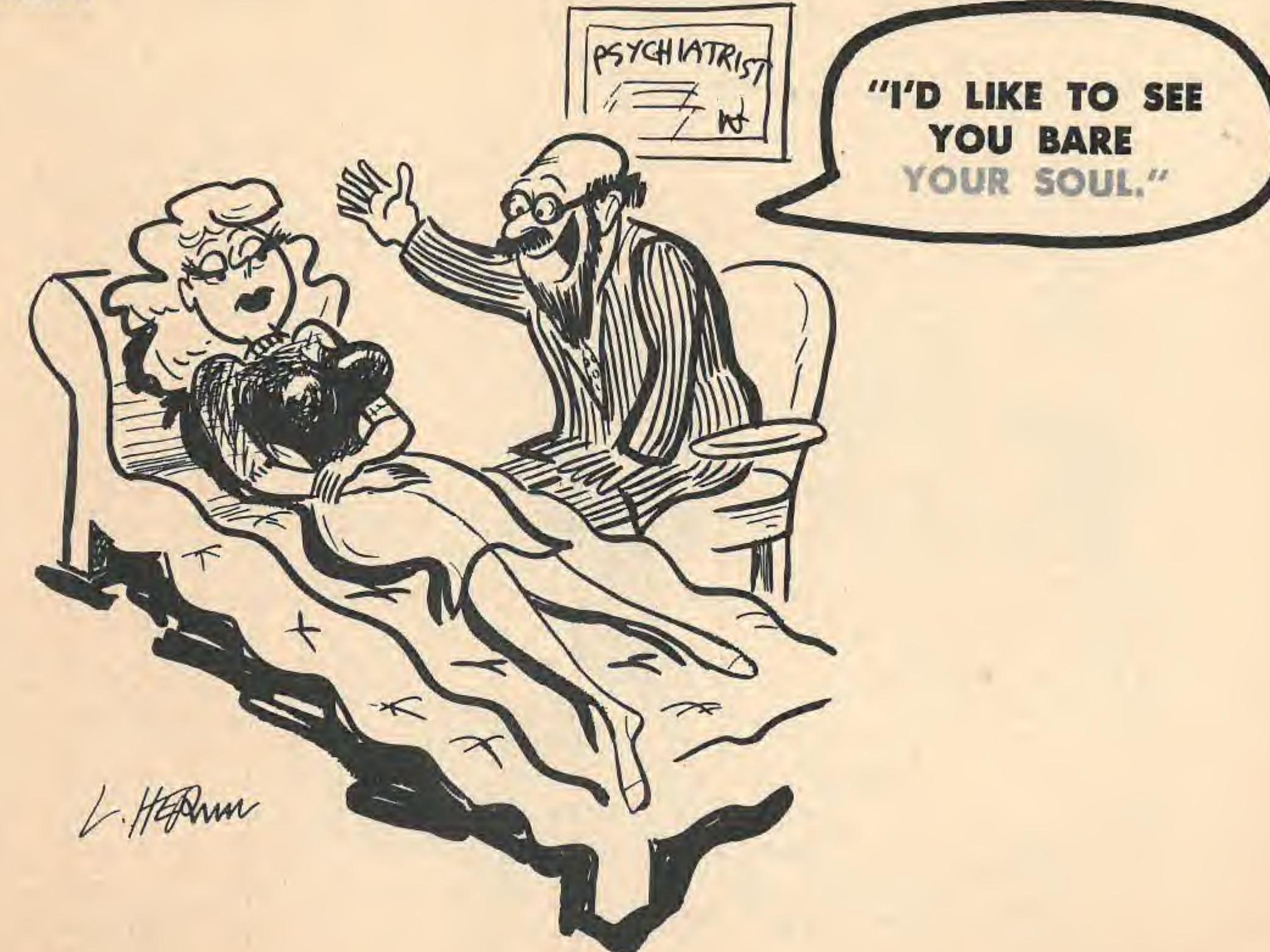
But until that day she taunts
(turn to page 64)

IN THESE DAYS OF NO-SPECIFICATION EVERYONE'S GOT MORE THAN ONE PROFESSION. FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A CARTOONIST TURNS MIND READER, BY BLOCKING OUT THE LAST TWO WORDS OF EACH CAPTION AND SEEING . . .



What They Really Mean!

HUMOR Leonard Herman



"I THINK IT CAN USE A LITTLE PINCH
OF SALT."



"TONIGHT WE
WON'T BE BACK
TOO LATE."



"IF YOU GET FRESH
I WON'T MIND
SLAPPING YOU."



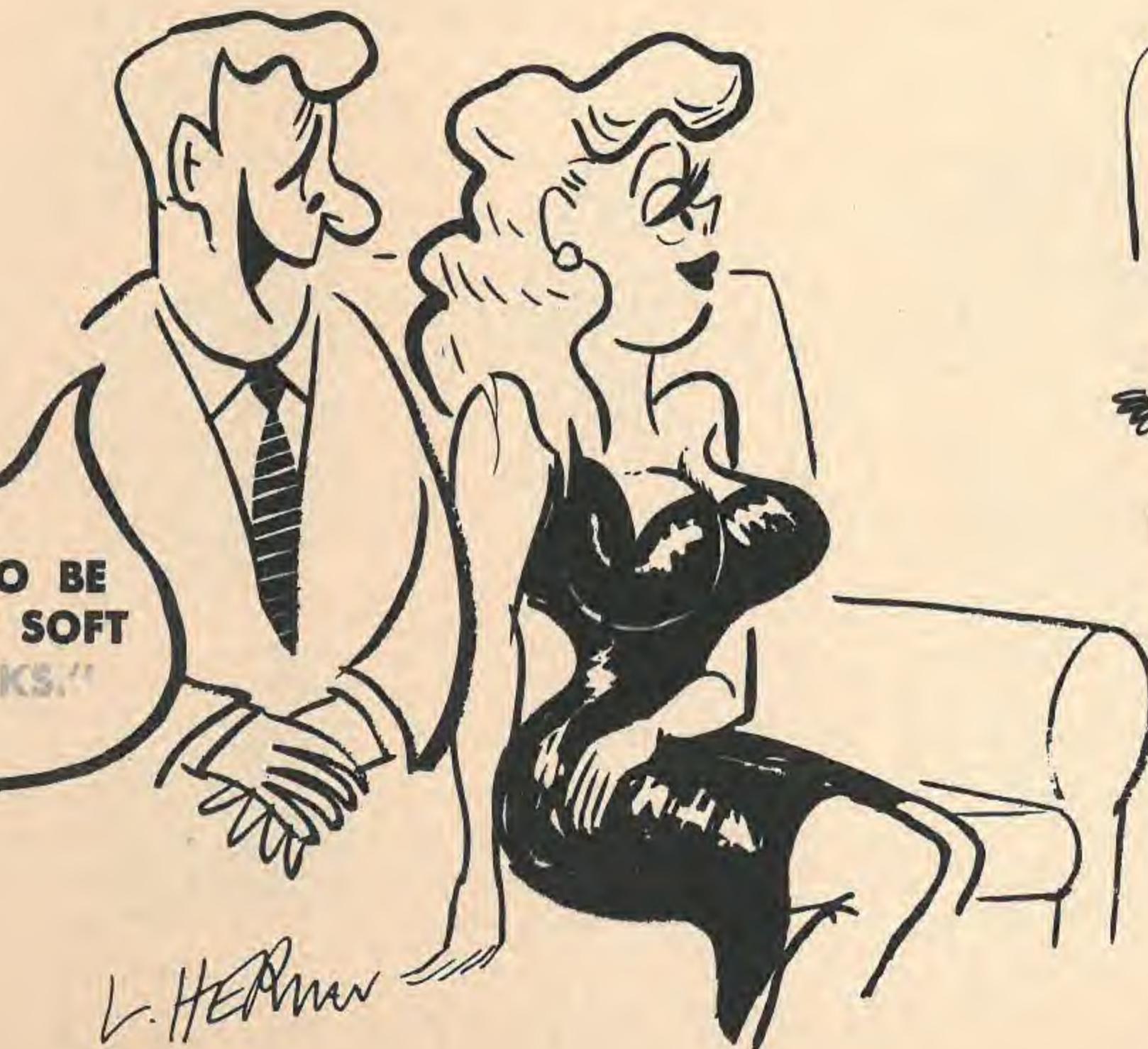
"I'M SURE I CAN MAKE YOU
A STAR."



"CAN I SQUEEZE YOU
AN ORANGE?"



"THEY SEEM TO BE
WONDERFULLY SOFT
HEARTED FOLKS."



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